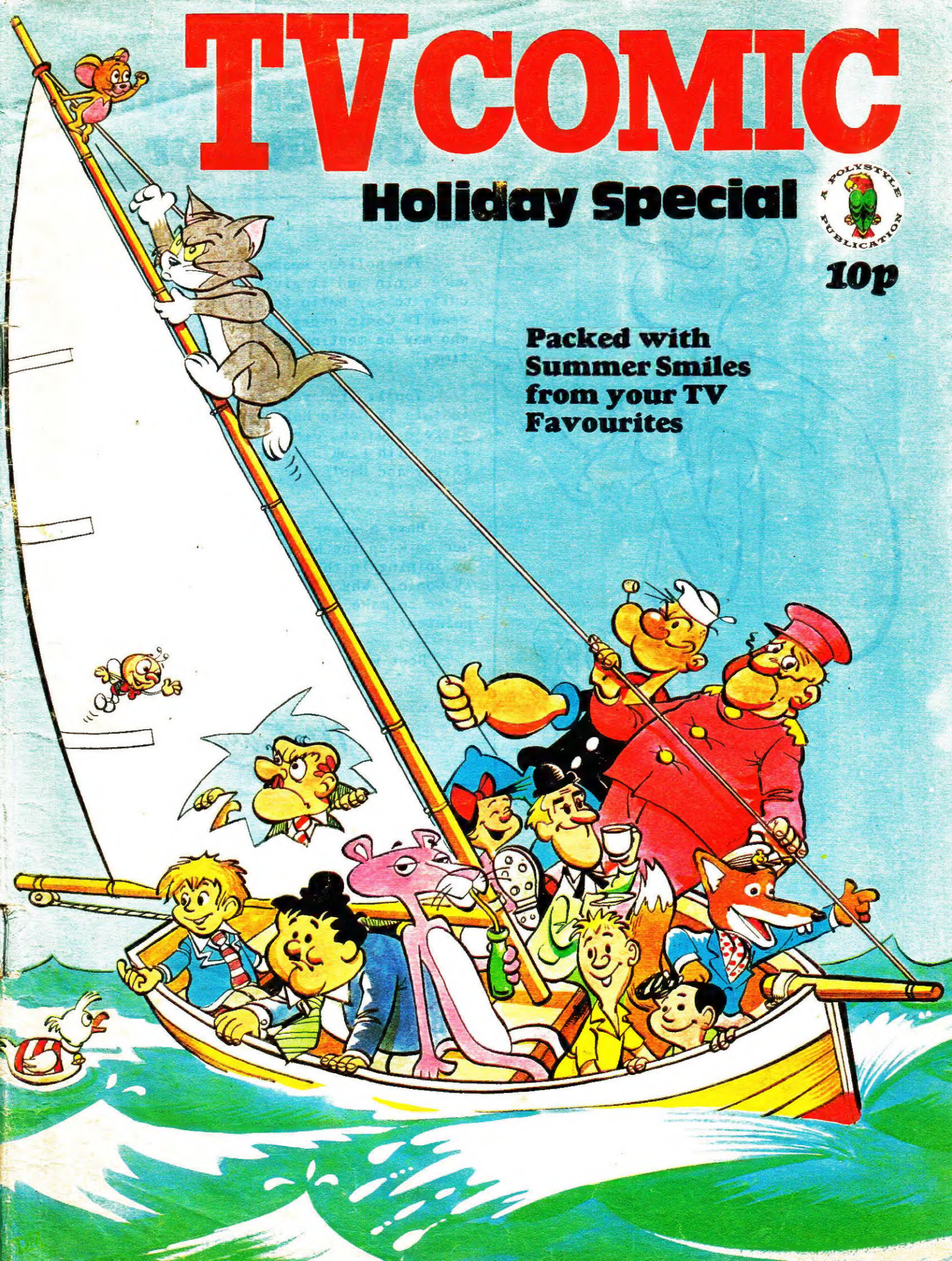
TV COMIC

Holiday Special

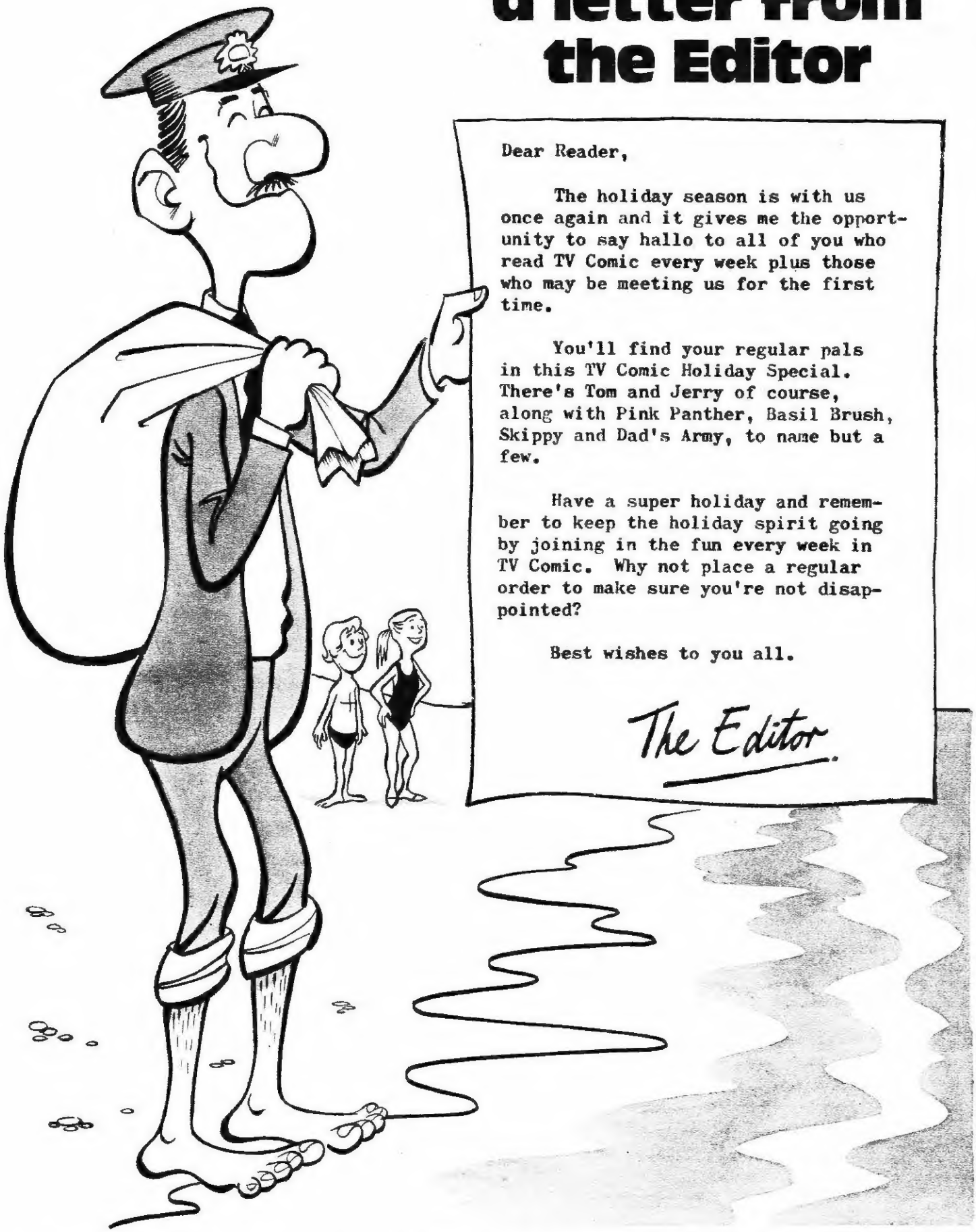
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

10p

Packed with Summer Smiles from your TV Favourites



a letter from the Editor



Dear Reader,

The holiday season is with us once again and it gives me the opportunity to say hallo to all of you who read TV Comic every week plus those who may be meeting us for the first time.

You'll find your regular pals in this TV Comic Holiday Special. There's Tom and Jerry of course, along with Pink Panther, Basil Brush, Skippy and Dad's Army, to name but a few.

Have a super holiday and remember to keep the holiday spirit going by joining in the fun every week in TV Comic. Why not place a regular order to make sure you're not disappointed?

Best wishes to you all.

The Editor

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Tom and Jerry
NOW FOR A NICE COOL DIP.
DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD, JERRY. HEH-HEH!
CLUNK!
SPROOSH!
YOU CAN HAVE THE WATER. I ONLY WANT THE BUCKET.
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THAT NO-GOOD CAT GOES TOO FAR AND THIS IS ONE OF THEM.
I LIKE MEATBALLS SO MUCH THAT I COULD EAT THEM BY THE BUCKETFUL. YUK! YUK!
I'D BETTER GET MY SKATES ON. THE MAID'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE.
SNIGGER! SNIGGER!
SO LONG, TOM.
?
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING BUT I KNOW WHERE YOU'LL END UP WHEN I GET BACK.
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THOSE MEAT-BALLS, THOMAS CAT?
THAT DOES IT.
SHE'LL MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF POOR OLD TOM IF SHE GETS HER HANDS ON HIM.
BOK!S

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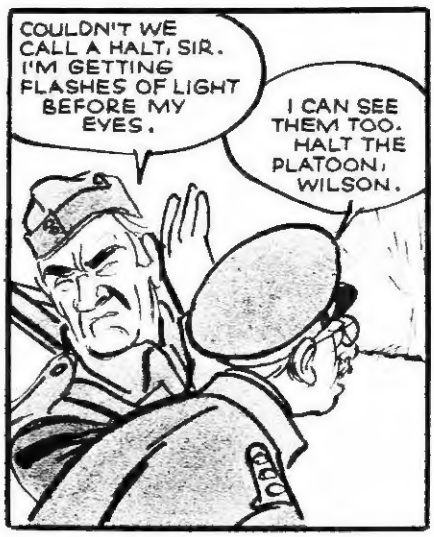
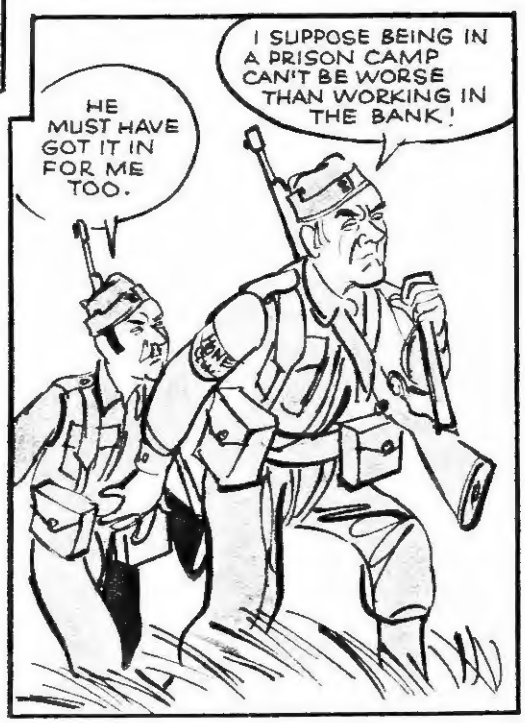
DAD'S ARMY

I COULD THINK OF BETTER WAYS TO SPEND THE BANK HOLIDAY.
NO-DOUBT YOU COULD, WALKER. NO NEED TO GO INTO DETAILS. SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR THE MARCH.

I REMEMBER WHEN THERE WERE LOTS OF BODIES BASKING ON THAT BEACH.
THERE'LL BE LOTS MORE BODIES AFTER THE WAR IF THEY FORGET TO DIG UP THE MINES.



IT'S NO GOOD, MR. MAINWARING. I CAN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF IT. IT'S ALL CHINESE TO ME.
THE CHINESE ARE ON OUR SIDE, STUPID BOY. IT'S PROBABLY SOMEONE SIGNALLING THE HUN IN A SECRET CODE. I THINK I CAN SEE FIGURES COMING ASHORE.



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ONE HOUR LATER.
WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED TO UNCLE ARTHUR?
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. GO ALONG WITH CORPORAL JONES AND SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEM.

AND THE BEST O' BRITISH LUCK TO YE.
JUST DO AS I SAY, PIKEY BOY, AND THERE WON'T BE ANY SLIP UPS—OOPS!

TWO HOURS LATER.
FOUR GONE AND THREE TO GO, MAINWARING. I VOLUNTEER TO STAY RIGHT HERE. THERE'S NAE POINT IN THE WHOLE PLATOON BEIN' WIPED OOT.
COME ON. WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.

AND SO THE THREE SET OFF . . .

ISN'T THAT THE WARDEN, MR. MAINWARING?
INDEED IT IS. I NEVER DID TRUST THAT FELLOW.

HANDS UP. FOR A LONG TIME I'VE SUSPECTED YOU.
PLAY SOLDIERS SOMEWHERE ELSE. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY BIRD WATCHING?

YOU DON'T FOOL ME. THERE ISN'T A BIRD IN THE SKY.
MAYBE NOT BUT THERE ARE SOME ON THE BEACH!

YE'VE GONE PALE, CAPTAIN MAINWARING. HAVE YE SEEN THE REST OF THE PLATOON. ARE THEY SPRAWLED OUT ON THE BEACH?
YES, THEY ARE!

IT WAS THE MIRROR OF YOUR COMPACT THAT WE SAW FLASHING IN THE SUN.
WE MUST MAKE OURSELVES ATTRACTIVE EVEN THOUGH THERE IS A WAR ON!
WHO'S FOR A PADDLE?

LATER...
SUNBATHING ON THE BEACH WITH A PARTY OF WRENS. WHAT A WAY TO CONDUCT A WAR.
I CAN'T THINK OF ANY BETTER WAY, CAN YOU?
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SUNBATHING YOURSELF, SIR. YOU LOOK A BIT RED IN THE FACE.

POPEYE
AHOY, POPEYE! HERE'S YOUR MAIL!
A LETTER FROM OLIVE! I'LL READ IT BEFORE I GOES TA BED!
COME BEDTIME...
SHUCKS! THE LIGHT'S SO BAD I CAN'T READ IT!
I KNOW! I'LL READ IT BY THE LIGHTHOUSE LIGHT!
THA'S BETTER! HERE GOES! 'DEAR POPEYE...'
SHUCKS! THERE GOES THE LIGHT! I'LL HAVE TA WAIT 'TILL IT COMES ROUND AND START AGAIN!
'DEAR POPEYE'... JUST A LINE TO LET YOU KNOW I'M...
THE LIGHT'S GONE AGAIN! IT'LL TAKE ME ALL NIGHT TO READ OLIVE'S LETTER AT THIS RATE!
I GOTTA BETTER IDEA. I'LL GO ROUND WITH THE LIGHT AN' READ WHAT SHE SEZ!
'DEAR POPEYE, JEST A LINE TO LET YOU KNOW I'M THINKIN' OF YOU ALL THE TIME...YOU ARE AWAY RUNNING THE LIGHTHOUSE'!
TWENTY PAGES LATER OR TWO HUNDRED TIMES ROUND THE LIGHT...
'AREN'T I THE GIDDY LIMIT? I FORGOT MY MOST IMPORTANT NEWS! BRUTUS ASKED ME OUT BUT I REFUSED...'
PANT! PANT! PANT!
'I PROMISE THAT WHILE YOU ARE ON THE LIGHTHOUSE I WON'T GIVE YOU THE RUNAROUND — GOODNIGHT!'
GASP!

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MIGHTY MOTH

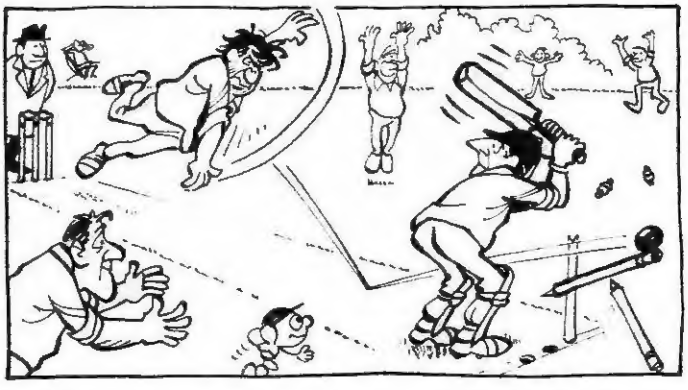
HERE YOU ARE, MIGHTY MOTH, YOU CAN EAT THESE!
YOUR CRICKET TOGS, DAD?
WHY?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS—JUST EAT THEM!
CLUNK!

I KNOW—YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE AN EXCUSE NOT TO PLAY THIS AFTERNOON. YOU'RE SCARED OF FACING FURIOUS FOSDYKE THE DEMON FAST BOWLER!
WELL...I ...ER...

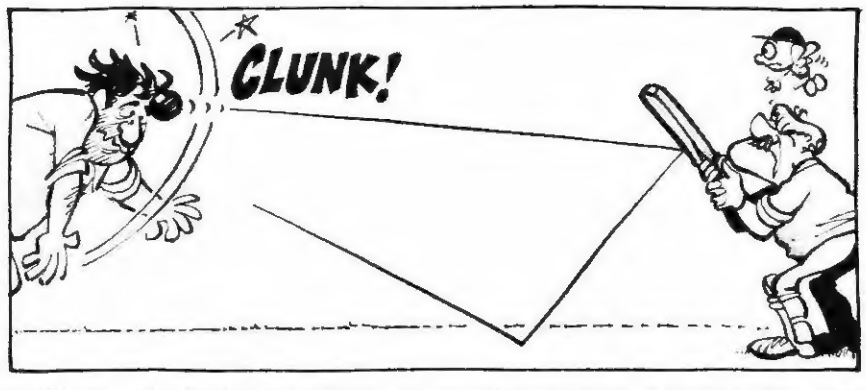
WELL I'M NOT GIVING YOU AN EXCUSE! AND IT SO HAPPENS I'M PLAYING IN FURIOUS FOSDYKE'S TEAM!
THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO PLAY!

THAT AFTERNOON DAD'S TEAM ARE EIGHT WICKETS DOWN AND FURIOUS FOSDYKE IS BOWLING...
SNARL! I EAT BATSMEN FOR MY DINNER!
GULP!



IT'S ALL UP TO YOU. WE NEED ONE RUN FOR A DRAW, TWO FOR A WIN.
CRUMBS!

SNARL! SNORT!
OH, GAWSH! HERE HE COMES!

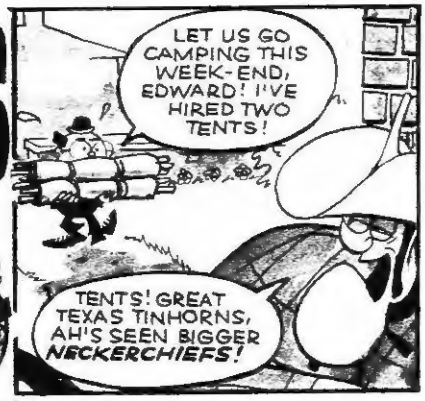

CLUNK!

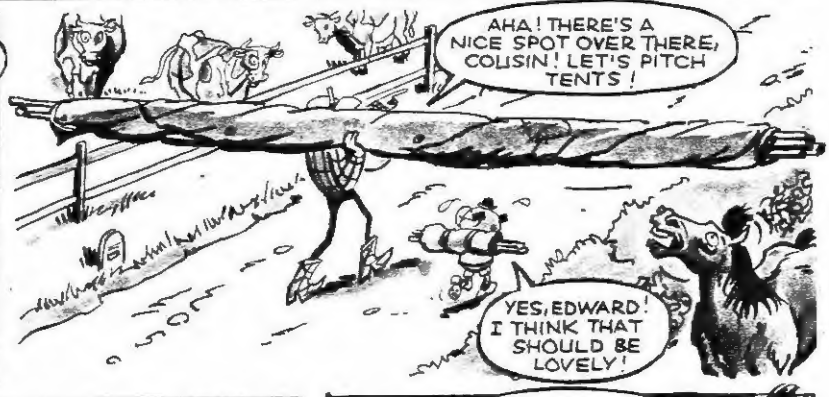
FURIOUS FOSDYKE IS OUT! MIGHTY MOTH, YOU CAN HAVE A BOWL!
GOOD! I'LL GET THE RUNS EASILY!

BAH!
GOOD OLD MIGHTY MOTH! WE'VE WON!
HA! HA! DAD DIDN'T KNOW I WAS A SPIN BOWLER!

TEXAS TED

BIG HAT, BIG HEAD

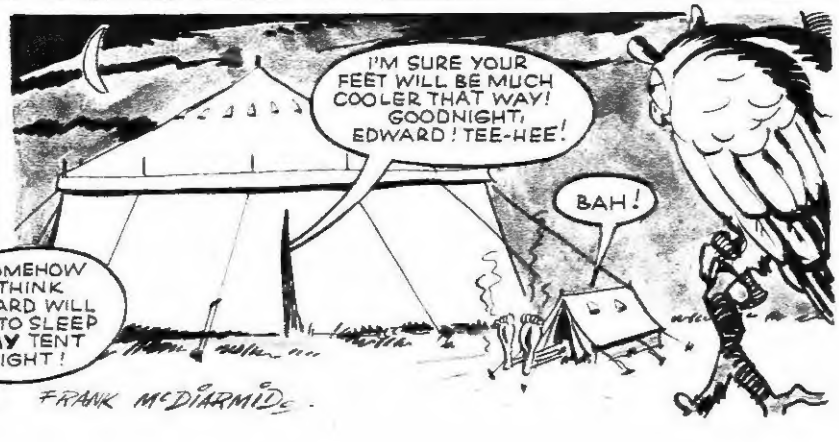




YOU'RE BLOOMING RIGHT I'M NOT PLEASED! IT'S TIME SOMEONE TAUGHT THAT BIG CREEP A LESSON! LIKE ME, FOR INSTANCE!
C'MERE YOU!
YERK!
YANK!
OH, DEAR!

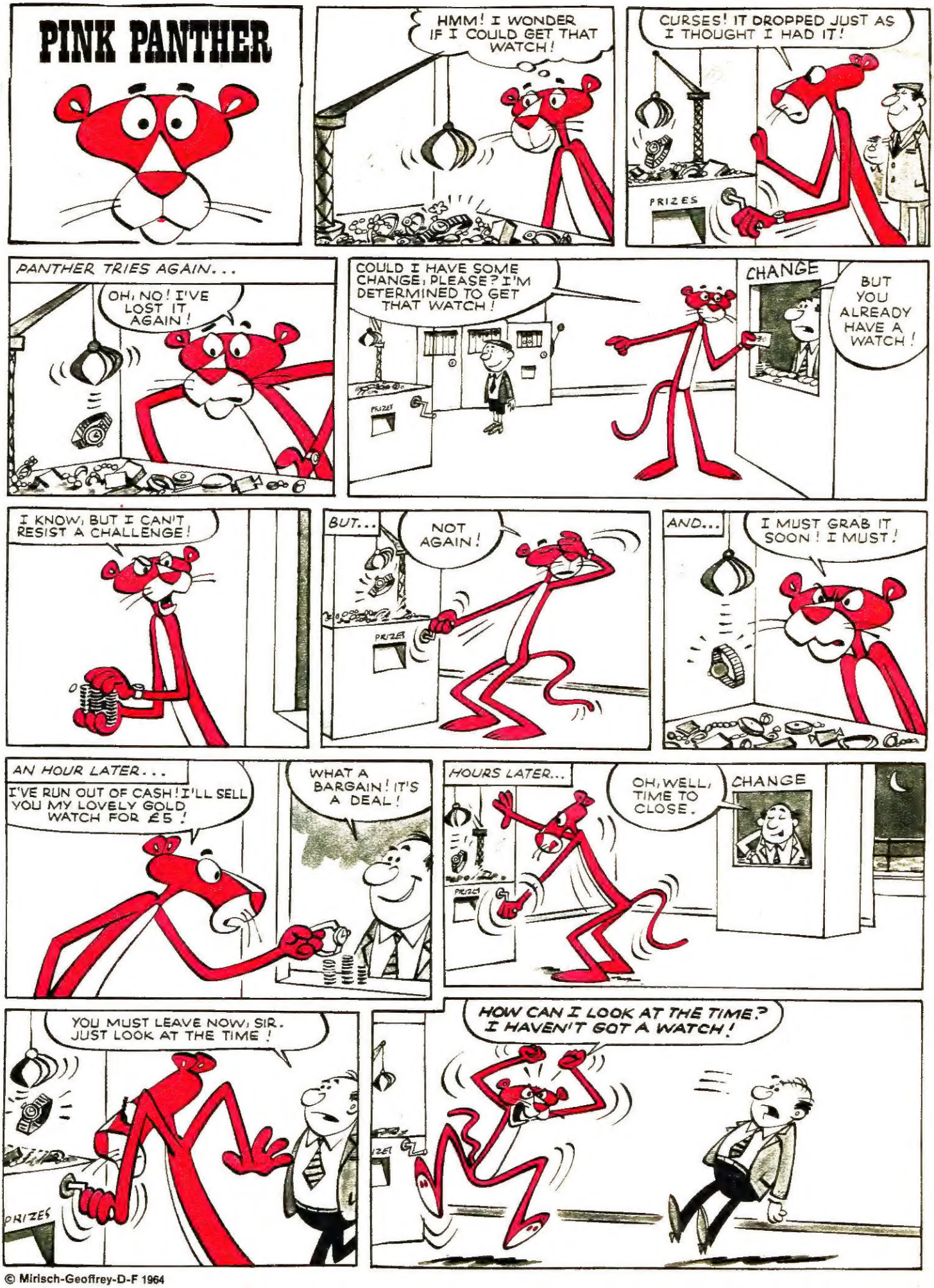
HELP! HELP! DON'T JUST SIT THERE, COUSIN! DO SOMETHING!
LIKE EDWARD... I HAVEN'T ENJOYED MYSELF SO MUCH SINCE I WAS A KID!
RELAX! I'M ONLY GOING TO GIVE THE BIG OAF A SCARE!

ONE HOUR LATER...
RECKON THE BIGMOUTH'S HAD ENOUGH NOW! I'LL BE OFF!
THROB! THROB!
GASP! OOH! OOH! MA POOR FEET! OOH! AH MUST'VE RUN MILES! OOH!
SOMEHOW I THINK EDWARD WILL HAVE TO SLEEP IN MY TENT TONIGHT!



FRANK McDIARMID

Basil Brush
COME ON, CHUMMERS. JUST THE DAY FOR HAVING A SHOT AT BAGGING SOMETHING FOR THE JOLLY OLD POT, WHAT?
SO...
BLAM! BLAM!
OO! OW! OO!
I SAY! I THINK I'VE POTTED A PHEASANT.
BY THE SQUAWKING I'D SAY YOU'VE SHOT A PEASANT, GUV.
IT'S NOT A PEASANT OR A PHEASANT. IT'S OLD FARMER GILES.
I THINK YOU'VE TRIGGERED OFF TROUBLE, GUV.
SORRY, OLD FRUIT. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT IT WON'T.
I RECKON HE'S DONE FOR YOUR GUN, GUV.
HE ALWAYS WAS A MEAN OLD MEANIE, BENT ON SPOILING OTHER FOLKS' SPORT.
AAAARGH!
AH HA! THERE'S A HARE OVER THERE.
WANTS TO PLAY ROUGH, DOES HE?
DUCK, GUV!!!
IS THERE? WHERE?
MY BEST TITFER!
HEH! HEH! NOW WE'RE TITFER TAT.
I SAID DUCK, GUV.
THIS ROUGH SHOOT IS REALLY BECOMING ROUGH.
YOU'LL NEVER HIT ANYTHING WITH THAT GUN, GUV. WHY DON'T WE GIVE IT A MISS? YOU WON'T BAG ANY BRACES TODAY.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUMMERS. LET ME HAVE THE BRACES THAT ARE HOLDING UP YOUR TROUSERS, OLD CHAP.
I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE MY BRACES BACK, GUV. YOU'LL NEVER HIT ANYTHING WITH THAT.
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, CHUMMERS. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE LAD AT SCHOOL I ALWAYS HIT THE BULL.
OH, DEAR! IT LOOKS AS IF I'VE HIT THE BULL AGAIN!
SNORT! SNORT!
OO! OO! OO! OW!
GOSH! LADY GLADYS.
GLAD YOU DROPPED OVER, BASIL. YOU AND YOUR CHUM, CHUMMERS, ARE JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH.
WE'VE GOT PARTRIDGE PIE WITH STUFFED QUAILS AND DUMPLINGS FOR DINS. EXCUSE ME WHILE I TELL MY MAID, MABEL, TO LAY TWO MORE PLACES AT THE TABLE.
THERE, CHUMMERS. I KNEW WE'D GET SOMETHING IN THE END.
EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T, GUV, I KNOW I DID!


PINK PANTHER
HMM! I WONDER IF I COULD GET THAT WATCH!
CURSES! IT DROPPED JUST AS I THOUGHT I HAD IT!
PRIZES
PANTHER TRIES AGAIN...
OH, NO! I'VE LOST IT, AGAIN!
COULD I HAVE SOME CHANGE, PLEASE? I'M DETERMINED TO GET THAT WATCH!
CHANGE
BUT YOU ALREADY HAVE A WATCH!
I KNOW, BUT I CAN'T RESIST A CHALLENGE!
BUT...
NOT AGAIN!
AND...
I MUST GRAB IT, SOON! I MUST!
AN HOUR LATER...
I'VE RUN OUT OF CASH! I'LL SELL YOU MY LOVELY GOLD WATCH FOR £5!
WHAT A BARGAIN! IT'S A DEAL!
HOURS LATER...
OH, WELL, TIME TO CLOSE.
CHANGE
YOU MUST LEAVE NOW, SIR. JUST LOOK AT THE TIME!
PRIZES
HOW CAN I LOOK AT THE TIME? I HAVEN'T GOT A WATCH!

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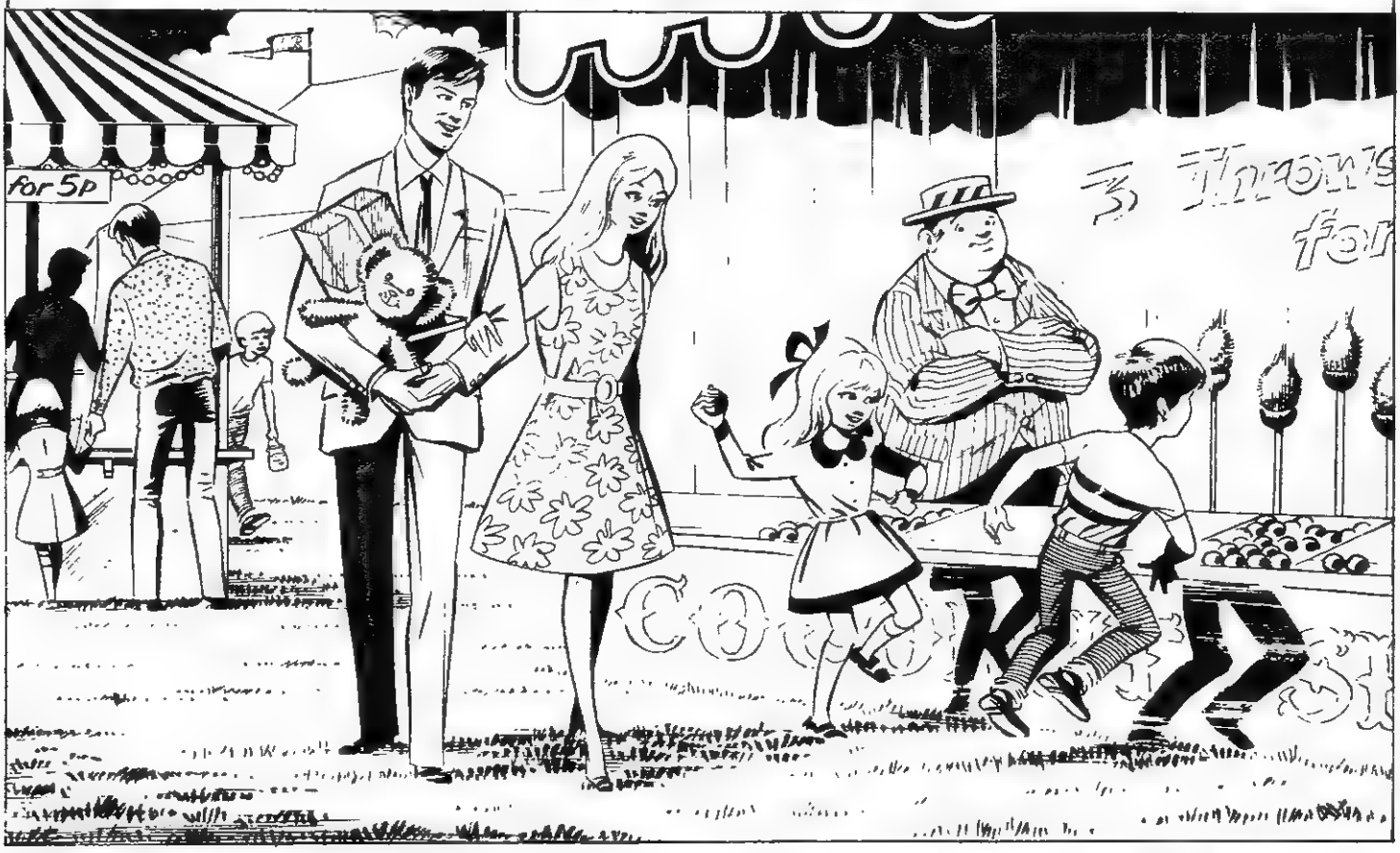
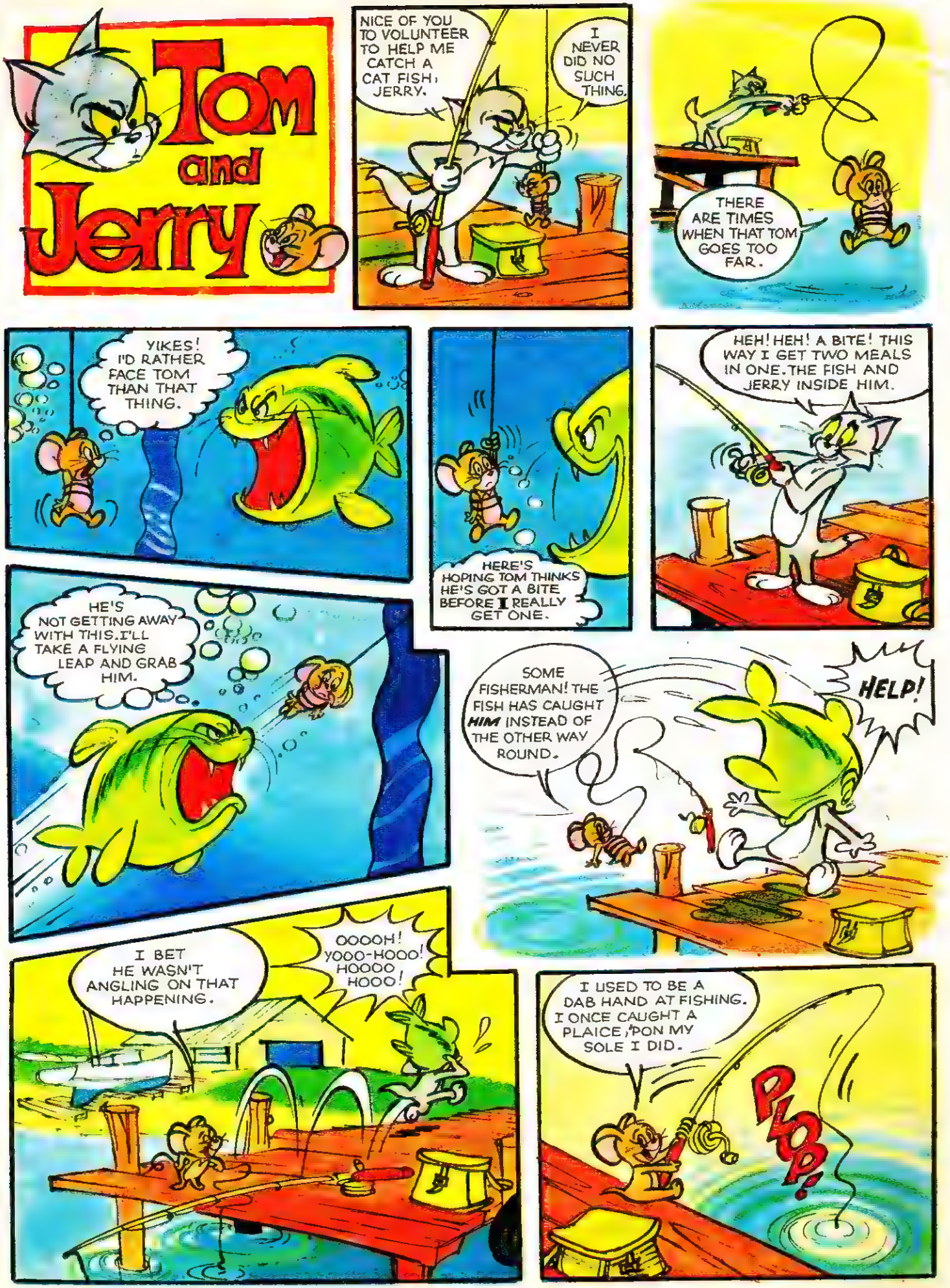
Spot the difference!

The second picture is different from the first in 10 ways. Can you spot them?



answers

1. Stripes on hat different. 2. Flag flying in different direction. 3. Lights on stall missing. 4. 5p changed to 3p on stall. 5. Jar of fish missing 6. Teddy's expression different. 7. Buckle on belt missing. 8. Ball in girl's hand missing. 9. Coconut missing. 10. 'W' in 'Throws' upside down.


Tom and Jerry
NICE OF YOU TO VOLUNTEER TO HELP ME CATCH A CAT FISH, JERRY.
I NEVER DID NO SUCH THING.
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THAT TOM GOES TOO FAR.
YIKES! I'D RATHER FACE TOM THAN THAT THING.
HERE'S HOPING TOM THINKS HE'S GOT A BITE BEFORE I REALLY GET ONE.
HEH! HEH! A BITE! THIS WAY I GET TWO MEALS IN ONE. THE FISH AND JERRY INSIDE HIM.
HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS. I'LL TAKE A FLYING LEAP AND GRAB HIM.
SOME FISHERMAN! THE FISH HAS CAUGHT HIM INSTEAD OF THE OTHER WAY ROUND.
HELP!
I BET HE WASN'T ANGLING ON THAT HAPPENING.
OOOOH! YOOO-HOOO! HOOOO HOOO!
I USED TO BE A DAB HAND AT FISHING. I ONCE CAUGHT A PLAICE, 'PON MY SOLE I DID.
PLOP!

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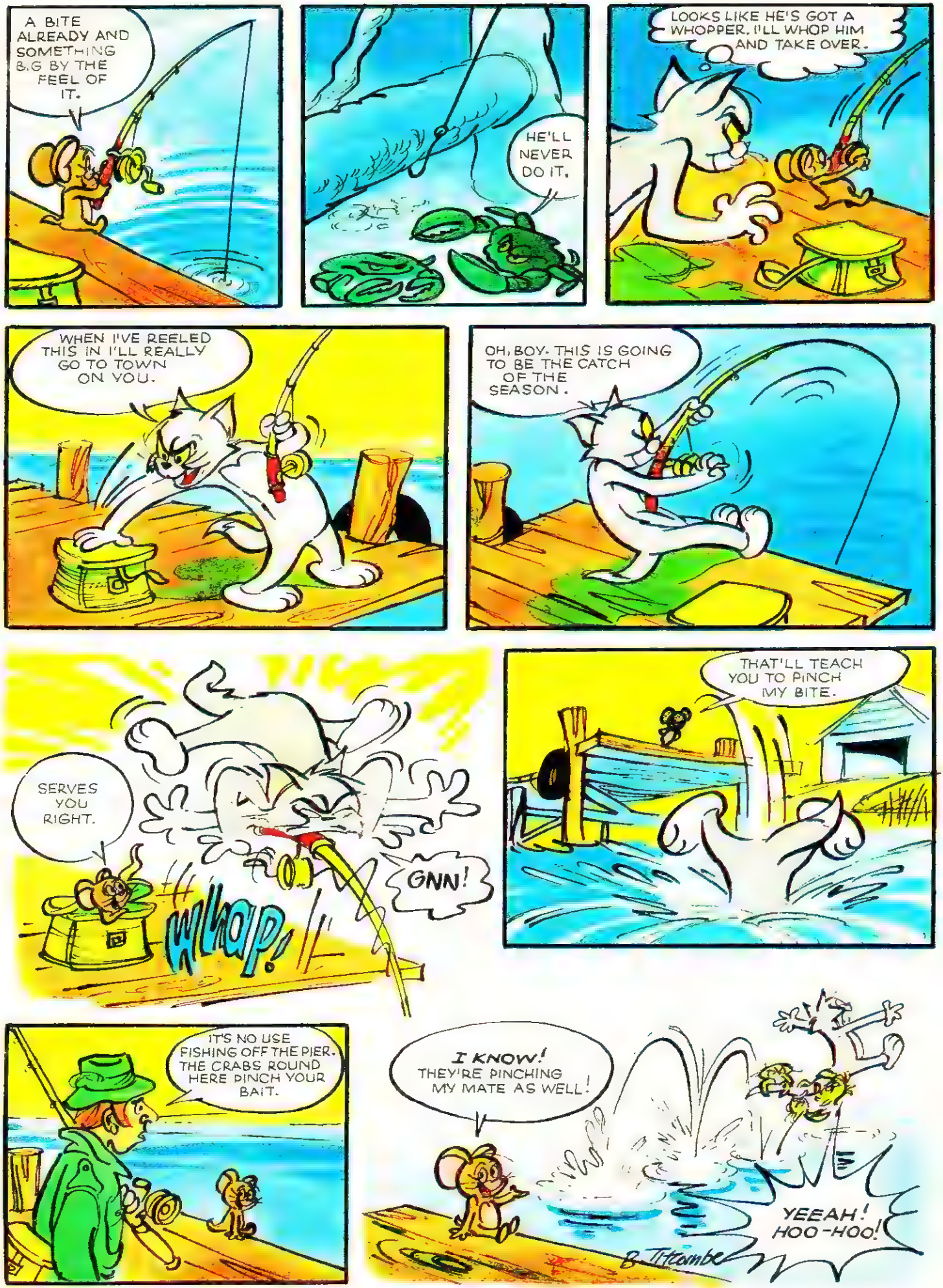
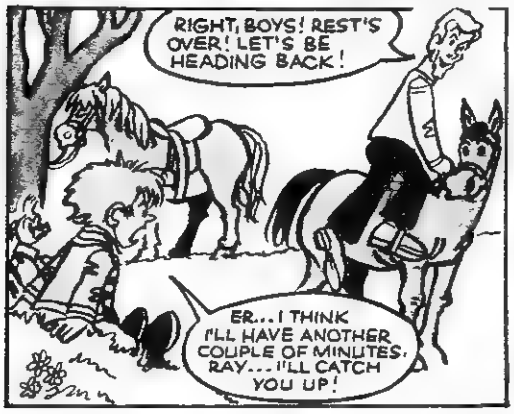
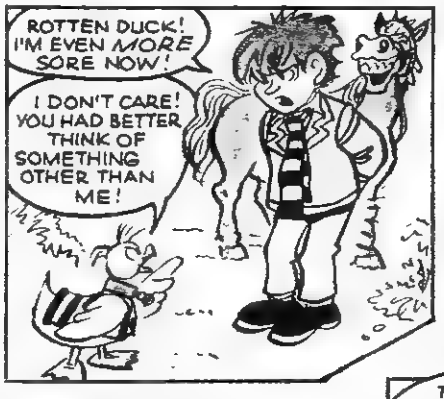
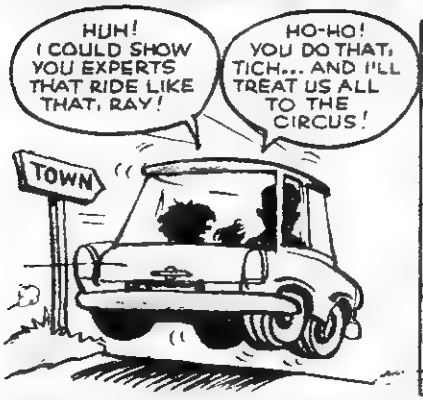

A BITE ALREADY AND SOMETHING B.G BY THE FEEL OF IT.
HE'LL NEVER DO IT.
LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT A WHOPPER. I'LL WHOP HIM AND TAKE OVER.
WHEN I'VE REELED THIS IN I'LL REALLY GO TO TOWN ON YOU.
OH, BOY. THIS IS GOING TO BE THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.
SERVES YOU RIGHT.
GNN!
WHAP!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO PINCH MY BITE.
IT'S NO USE FISHING OFF THE PIER. THE CRABS ROUND HERE PINCH YOUR BAIT.
I KNOW! THEY'RE PINCHING MY MATE AS WELL!
YEEAH! HOO-HOO!
B. Titcombe

Tich and Quackers

HELP! I'M FALLING OFF NOW!
YES! TICH IS GETTING THE HANG OF IT ALL RIGHT... HE'S HANGING ON LIKE MAD!
HO-HO! I DOUBT IF YOU'LL EVER BE A HORSEMAN, TICH.







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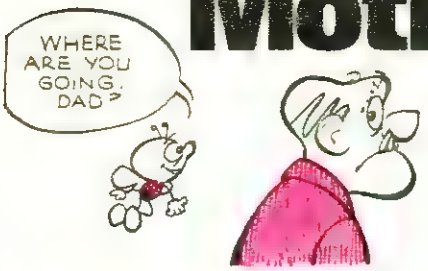
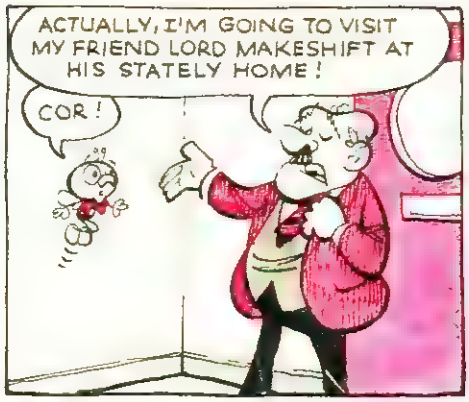
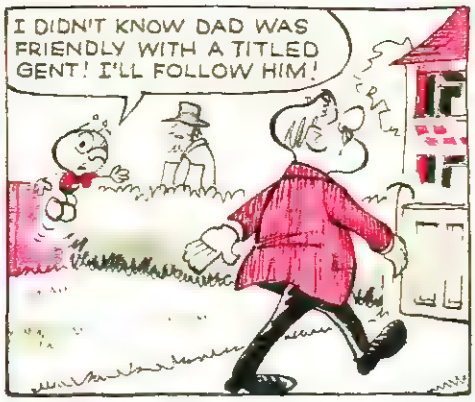
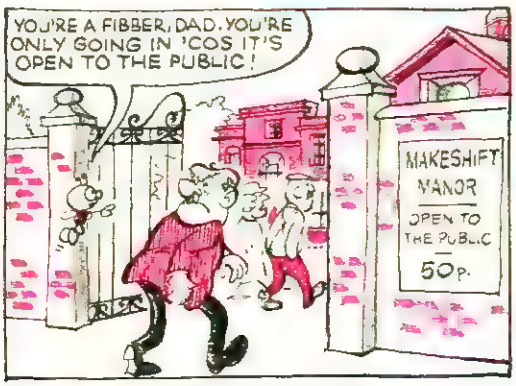
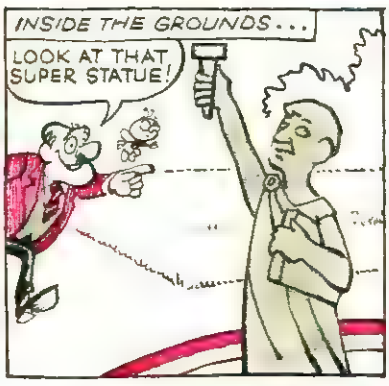
Mighty Moth

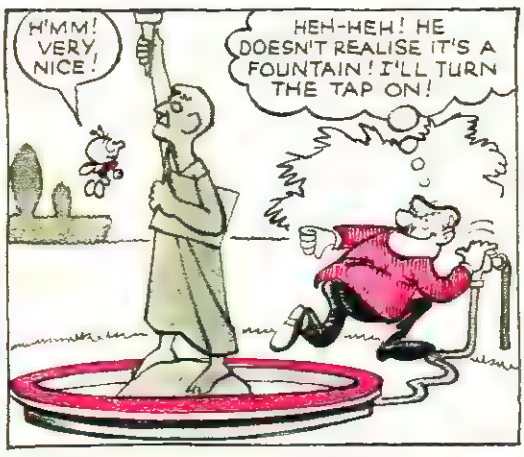

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DAD?


ACTUALLY, I'M GOING TO VISIT MY FRIEND LORD MAKESHIFT AT HIS STATELY HOME!
COR!


I DIDN'T KNOW DAD WAS FRIENDLY WITH A TITLED GENT! I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

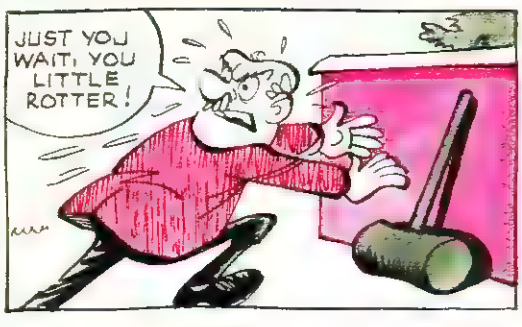

YOU'RE A FIBBER, DAD. YOU'RE ONLY GOING IN 'COS IT'S OPEN TO THE PUBLIC!
MAKESHIFT MANOR
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
50p.

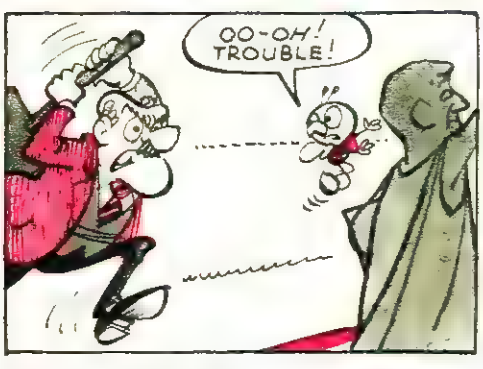

INSIDE THE GROUNDS...
LOOK AT THAT SUPER STATUE!


H'MM! VERY NICE!
HEH-HEH! HE DOESN'T REALISE IT'S A FOUNTAIN! I'LL TURN THE TAP ON!

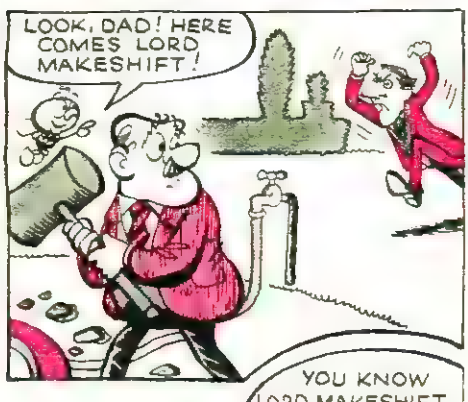
HAR! HAR! HAR!
YAA! GLUG!

GLUG!

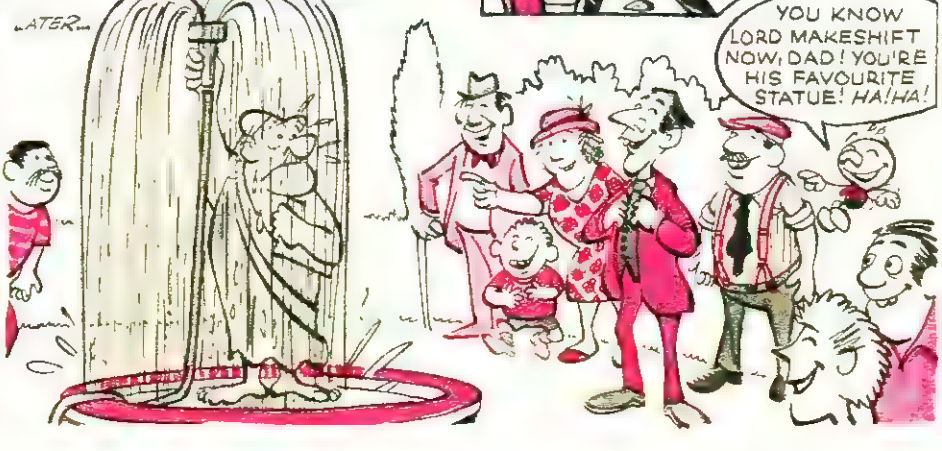

JUST YOU WAIT, YOU LITTLE ROTTER!


OO-OH! TROUBLE!

MISSED!
SMASH!

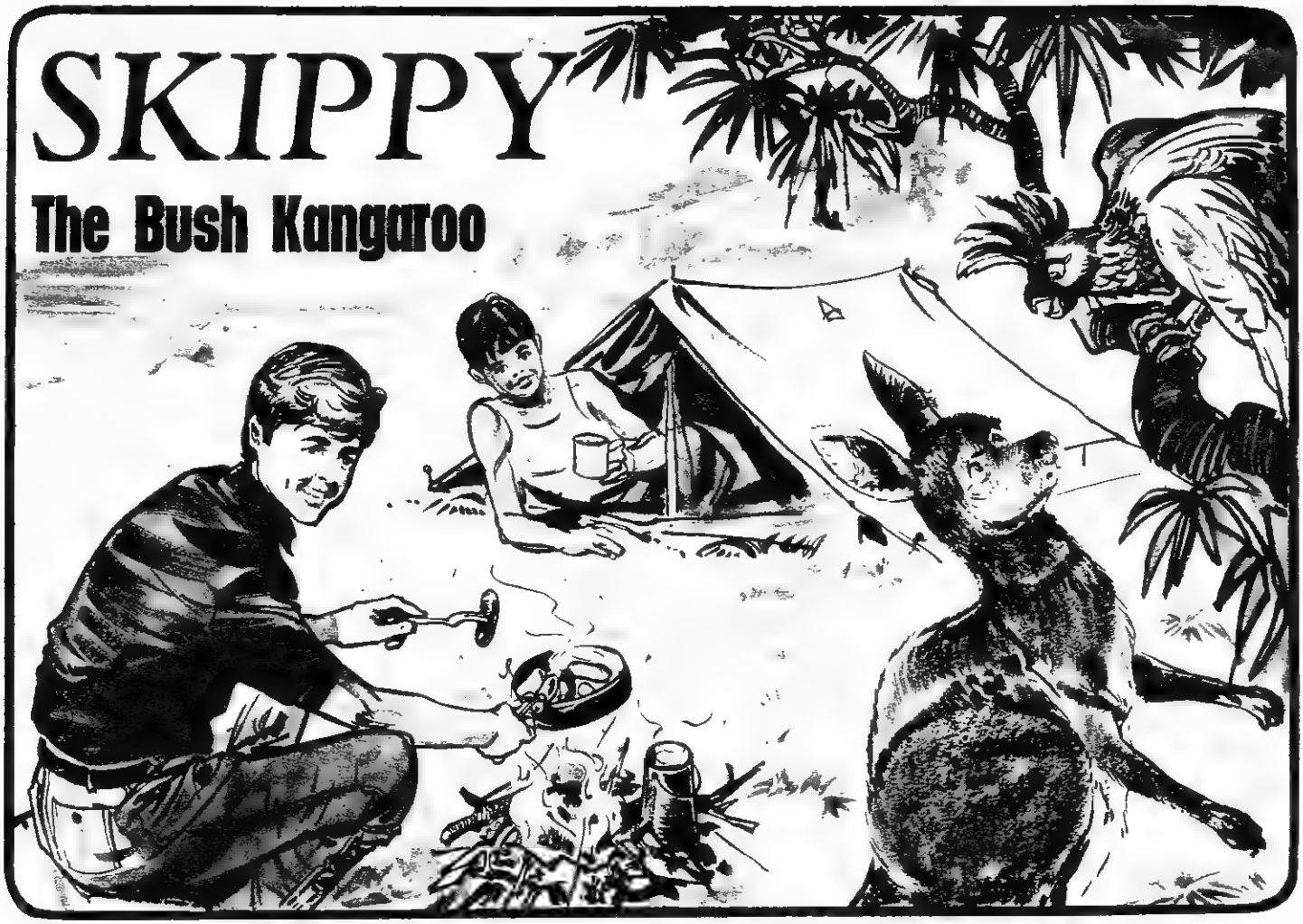

LOOK, DAD! HERE COMES LORD MAKESHIFT!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, MY MAN!


LATER...
YOU KNOW LORD MAKESHIFT NOW, DAD! YOU'RE HIS FAVOURITE STATUE! HA! HA!

SKIPPY

The Bush Kangaroo



Sonny crawled out of the small tent he had spent the night in and sniffed at the mouth-watering smell of frying bacon and sausages that wafted through the crisp morning air. A few feet away his brother, Mark, was cooking breakfast over a camp fire, and Skippy, his little bush kangaroo chum, was watching the antics of an inquisitive white cockatoo that was strutting up and down on a lower branch of a nearby gum tree.

This was the start of the second day of their camping holiday. The sun was smiling down on them from a cloudless sky and Sonny felt very glad to be alive. Had he known of the terrible danger that was to threaten them in only a short while, he would not have been so happy. As it was, his only thought was to tuck into a hearty breakfast as quickly as possible.

The boys had been hoping to go to New Zealand for their holiday, but although they had saved hard, they had not managed to get enough money together to pay for the expensive jet flight from Sydney to Auckland, and they had decided to take a modest camping holiday instead.

They had hitch-hiked from their home on Waratah National Park and had arrived at the lovely Illawarra coastal region south of Sydney.

After a brisk wash in a stream, Sonny joined his brother by the camp fire and they tucked into breakfast.

"How about spending today on the beach," suggested Mark.

"Suits me," replied Sonny eagerly. "We could visit old Ben and see if he will lend us his boat." Ben Robinson was the keeper of the lonely lighthouse on Gladstone Rock, whom the boys had known for many years.

"A great idea," said Mark with sudden enthusiasm. "I expect Sally will be there, too." Sally was Ben's attractive, teenage grand-daughter, who often came to stay with him during school holidays.

Sonny said no more, but smiled to himself as he thoughtfully speared the last sausage in the pan.

An hour later, the two boys and Skippy stood on a headland looking across a bay. On the far side, and just within the entrance to the bay, stood Gladstone Rock and on it the tall lighthouse. The only access to the rock was by a causeway some fifty yards long.

"Race you both there!" challenged Mark, and he was off in a flash.

Sonny had to run as hard as he could to keep up with his brother, but for Skippy it was easy. Each leap she took carried her over huge distances and long before the boys had arrived she had bounded across the causeway and reached the massive oak door of the lighthouse, where she stood squeaking merrily with triumph.

The boys arrived and Mark knocked on the door, but there was no reply. "Ben must be out somewhere," he said as he tried the door handle. It turned and the door opened.

"Anyone at home?" he called, but no answer came. "Ben won't mind if we go in," he said, and led the way up a short flight of stairs to the lighthouse keeper's living quarters.

Mark entered the main living-room with Sonny and Skippy close behind him and then stopped dead in his tracks.

Ben and Sally were sitting at a table on which stood the remains of a meal, but what shocked the boys and Skippy was the presence of a third person. A hard-faced man with torn, dirty clothes and several days' growth of stubble on his chin. He rose to his feet as they entered—and there was a pistol in his hand.

For long moments there was a deathly silence, then the strange man laughed; it was an unpleasant, mirthless laugh.

"Pull up chairs and join the party," he said with a grim chuckle.

"I'm sorry, boys," said Ben in a quavering voice. "I'm afraid you've walked into trouble and there's nothing I can do about it."

"Please do as he says," begged Sally, and obviously she, too, was desperately frightened.

"Don't worry, Sally," said Mark in a tone that he hoped sounded reassuring. "Whatever game this joker is playing, he won't get away with it."

"Won't I, lad?" said the man grimly. "Maybe when you've heard my tale you won't feel so confident."

The boys sat down at the table and the

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man did, too—but he still held the gun.

"They call me Billy Boy," he said. "Billy Boy Regan." Sonny gave an involuntary gasp. "That's right, kid," the man continued, "you recognise it, eh? So you'll know I was the con who broke out of the State prison last week."

Mark had read the same newspaper account of the escape as his brother had, and a chill of horror touched him as he recollected the headline: "Killer Loose! Billy Boy Regan shoots his way out of jail . . ."

"The police are after you," he said bravely. "They'll get you, but it would make things easier for you if you gave yourself up now."

"Not a chance, boy," Regan replied sourly. "I shot a warder so they'll send me down for life. Get this straight, I've nothing to lose except my freedom, so don't try to soft sell me into giving up."

Regan paused, drank deeply from a mug of tea, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and then continued.

"For another thing, the bluebottles ain't going to get me. I laid a false trail all the way to the Blue Mountains, and then doubled back here. There ain't a cop for miles around."

With sinking hearts, the boys realised he was speaking the truth. They had read of the big search that was being conducted in the Blue Mountains, which were many miles away.

"Now you boys and the old man are going to help me escape," went on Regan. "And you'll do it because I'm keeping this young lady right here with me."

To emphasise the point, he aimed his pistol straight at Sally. "You'll go and get me a car," he rasped, "don't ask me where, that's your problem. You'll see that it's full o' petrol and then bring it back here."

He paused and let his cold gaze rest on each of them in turn.

"And if you've any smart ideas about bringing cops here, you'd better forget them. I'll be waiting up at the top of the lighthouse watching for you to come back, so if any police try to rush me, I'll have plenty of time to fix the girl."

He rose to his feet, and still keeping them covered, crossed the room and opened the door for them.

"Get going," he barked. "When you get back I'll take the girl with me as far as Sydney. Then, if nobody has tried to be silly, I'll turn her loose."

They had no choice but to obey. Mark glanced back at Sally. "Keep your pecker up," he said, trying desperately to sound optimistic. "You'll soon be safe and sound."

Sally smiled faintly but did not answer, so he turned and joined Sonny, Ben and Skippy as they moved out of the lighthouse.

In a grim silence they trudged up to the headland above the bay and then looked back at the lighthouse.

"We'll have to do what he wants," said Ben in an anguished voice. "While he's holding Sally as hostage, we've no choice."

"But we can't just leave her with him," protested Sonny.

"I've been thinking about it," said Mark. "Listen, Ben, where can you get a car from?"

"There's a sheep station about five miles away where the folks know me well. They'll lend me a car."

"Good, you get off there, then," continued Mark. "Fetch a car and bring the local police, too. But when you do get back, keep out of sight until you hear from us again."

"What are you going to do?" Ben wanted to know.

"There's no time to explain the details now," said Mark, "but I'm sure the one thing Billy Boy won't expect us to do is make a move right away, so with luck, we'll catch him off guard. You'll just have to trust me, Ben."

For a moment the old lighthouse keeper hesitated, but then: "All right," he said, "I wouldn't want you to run any risks but, well, I think I'll take any chance to stop that brute hurting Sally."

"We'll do our best," promised Mark. Then the old man set off inland towards the sheep station and the two boys and Skippy continued on their way to their camp.

"What are we going to do, Mark?" asked Sonny.

"Two things," said Mark rather grimly. "Get Regan away from Sally, and then make certain he can't get back to her again

before the police have dealt with him."

"Easier said than done," sighed Sonny.

"True, but I think with luck we can pull it off. First, though, we need that coil of rope we've got back at the camp. Come on, Sonny, we've got to move fast!"

Fifteen minutes later, they were once again approaching the lighthouse, but this time from the far side of the bay and taking great care not to be seen. Mark had a coil of strong nylon rope slung over one shoulder.

They reached the extremity of the headland and Mark peered out cautiously from behind a big boulder. Some ten yards ahead was a sheer drop to the turbulent waters that swirled and raced in the channel between the shore and Gladstone Rock. The channel was about twenty feet wide and beyond that was a flat section of the rock and then the towering stone wall of the lighthouse.

"Just as I hoped," he said with satisfaction. "Apart from the lantern at the top, there are no windows in this side of the lighthouse. We can make our approach without being spotted."

"How are we going to get across the channel?" Sonny wanted to know.

"Skippy's going to help me. I want her to jump over taking one end of the rope with her. Then she's to hop round that old bollard and jump back here again. Do you think you can make her understand that, Sonny?"

"I'll try," said Sonny, and then for some minutes spoke quietly to his little 'roo chum. Then he tied one end of the rope around her middle. As always, it seemed that Skippy understood every word he said, for she squeaked once or twice and then hopped back along the way they had come.

When she had gone about fifty yards, she turned and came leaping back, gathering speed with every jump.

As she reached the edge of the channel she took off like a rocket and sailed out over the water. It was a superb jump and she landed firmly and safely on the rock.

In response to Sonny's signals, she hopped round the bollard. Then, tensing herself, she took another flying leap that brought her sailing back towards them again, the rope snaking through the air behind her.

Moments later, Mark had the two ends of the rope tied securely round a massive stone and his rope bridge to the rock was complete.

He made Sonny repeat the instructions he had given him and then he swung himself out over the channel on the ropes.

It took Mark only moments to cross the channel, and once over he unhooked the rope from the bollard and Sonny hauled it in again.

Once Sonny and Skippy had vanished from sight, Mark slipped off his shoes and surveyed the wall of the lighthouse. It was made of large blocks of stone, but the tower was old and there were cracks in the joints of the stones that just allowed enough room for toe and finger holds.

He started the ascent. It was slow, hard work and he felt like a fly clinging to the sheer face of the wall.

Feeling with infinite care for each finger and toe hold, he edged his way upward. When he reached half way he paused for a rest. His muscles ached horribly and he dared not look down. Then, gritting his teeth, he continued.

Sweat coursed down his face. A wind, which he had not suspected was blowing when he was below, threatened to pluck him from the wall. Once a seagull swept by, almost banging into his face, but he kept going.

At last, with strength almost spent, his hand grasped a metal support of the guard-rail of the gallery that ran around the outside of the lantern, and moments later he dragged himself to safety.

For minutes he lay gasping and letting strength seep back into his tortured muscles. Then, very quietly, he opened a trap door and let himself down into a small store-room which was immediately below the lantern.

He could hear Regan's voice coming up faintly from the room below, and he smiled to himself. So far everything was going according to plan.

Picking up an empty oil drum he found in the store-room, he descended a short flight of stairs that curved round and ended abruptly on a small landing.

Close at hand was a doorway which lead into the room housing the generator that supplied power for the light. The door was slightly ajar, and looking in he could see Regan standing watching through a window. Sally was seated close by him.

Silently, Mark tip-toed past the open door and came to a bannister. Looking over it he could see a spiral stairway leading down through the main hollow of the tower to the living quarters below.

Without a pause, he heaved the oil drum over the bannister, and as it began its long drop, he darted back the way he had come.

The crash the drum made as it landed far below echoed through the tower, and seconds later, Regan burst from the room, gun in hand.

"If it's you young devils come back to play tricks on Billy Boy, you'll regret it!" he

bellowed as he rushed down the stairs.

As Mark had hoped, Regan had believed somebody was down below. In a flash he was into the unguarded generator room and had slammed the door.

"Mark!" Sally gasped as she jumped to her feet. "How on earth did you get here?"

"No time to chat now, Sally," replied Mark cheerfully as he thrust home the stout bolts on the door. "Help me pile everything we can move against the door. Regan mustn't get back in here again."

Meanwhile, Sonny and Skippy had met Ben who had returned with a borrowed car and a strong party of policemen headed by an inspector.

After he had explained what Mark had been doing, they all moved cautiously forward and watched the lighthouse from behind cover.

"Only one trouble," said the police inspector. "How will we know when Sally is safe in there?"

"Easy," replied Sonny. "Mark said he would signal to us by switching on the lantern and, being inside, Regan won't see it and guess that anyone is out here."

"Smart idea," said the inspector, "and look, there's the light going on now!" He turned to Ben who was close beside him. "Okay, Ben, if you're game, take the car forward and see if it will lure him out."

Regan had found the oil drum and, realising he had been tricked, pounded up the stairs again. He tried to force his way into the generator room, but the door would not budge. Snarling with rage he battered at the door.

"Don't worry, Sally," whispered Mark, as he tried to comfort the frightened girl. "He can't get in and it will all be over in a few minutes from now."

Just then they heard the sound of a car approaching, and Regan heard it, too. "All right," he growled. "You tricked me somehow, but it makes no odds. I'll use the old man as a hostage instead of you, girl."

Sally gasped with horror, but again Mark consoled her. "It's all right, Sally," he told her. "Billy Boy is walking straight into a trap."

There was an ugly smile of triumph on Regan's face as he came out of the lighthouse. Old Ben was waiting beside a car, and it seemed to him the road to freedom lay before him.

He had almost crossed the causeway when he saw the ring of grim-faced, uniformed men rise up from the ground and start to close in.

He fired two shots wildly, then turned and raced back along the causeway.

"Don't let him reach the lighthouse again!" yelled the inspector as he led his men in a rush after the gunman, but it was little Skippy who had been first off the mark.

Her hind-legs working like pistons, she shot out across the causeway and then took off in a mighty leap.

Regan was still running when Skippy's legs struck him like twin hammer blows in the middle of his back. For a moment he clawed madly at the air, and then with an ear-splitting yell, plunged helplessly off the causeway and into the sea.

"Come on, Billy Boy," said the inspector grimly a few moments later as his men hauled the now subdued criminal out of the water. "We've got a nice cosy cell waiting for you where you'll be staying for a long, long time. That's a promise."

Later that day, the boys' father, Chief Ranger Matt Hammond, and Jerry King arrived in the helicopter, and Sonny and Skippy went to meet them.

Matt was smiling when he met Sonny. "The police told me what you three have been up to," he said, "and they gave me this to deliver. It's the reward money for capturing Billy Boy Regan, and it seems you've all earned it."

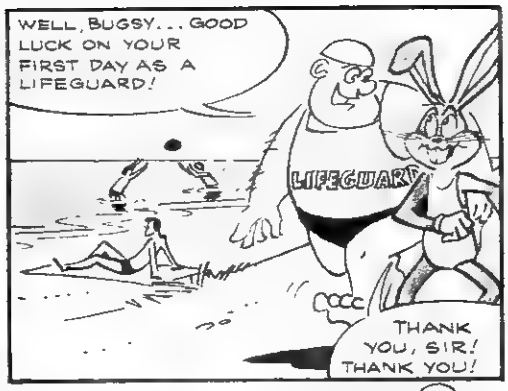
Sonny's eyes went round as he looked at the cheque his father had handed to him. It was made out for the sum of £200.

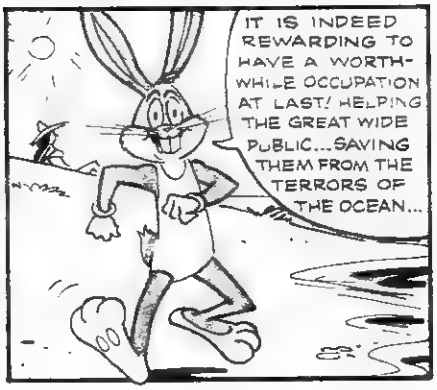
"Guess you and Mark will be able to take that trip to New Zealand after all," chuckled Jerry, but Sonny looked round to where Mark and Sally were sitting close together on the beach chatting happily.

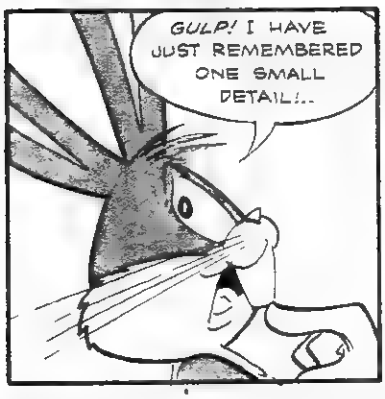
"Somehow, I doubt if we'll get there now," he said thoughtfully—and Skippy squeaked with delight.

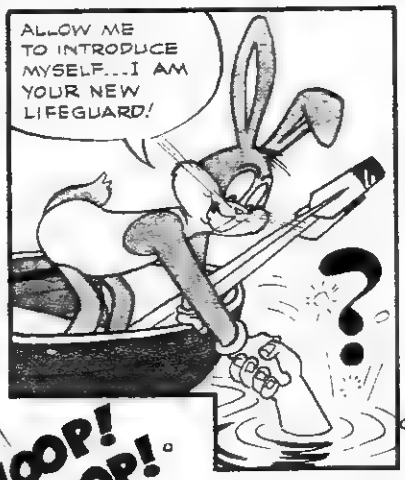
She would not have been able to go with the boys to New Zealand, and she felt there could be no better holiday than camping on that glorious stretch of Australian coast . . . and maybe she was right at that.

THE BUGS BUNNY SHOW

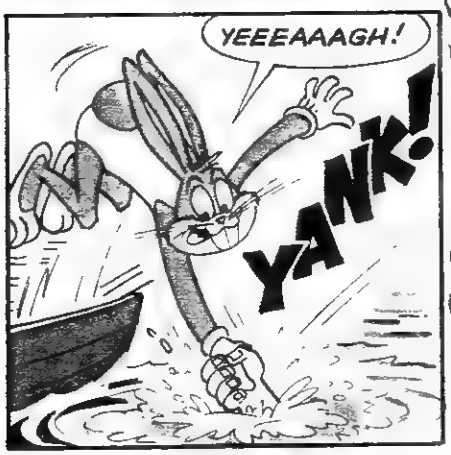



IT IS INDEED REWARDING TO HAVE A WORTHWHILE OCCUPATION AT LAST! HELPING THE GREAT WIDE PUBLIC...SAVING THEM FROM THE TERRORS OF THE OCEAN...





PERHAPS I CANNOT SWIM BUT WE RABBITS ARE RENOWNED FOR OUR POWERS OF IMPROVISATION, SO I HIRED THIS FINE ROWBOAT AND... BLAH! BLAH!
GASP! HERE I GO AGAIN... DOWN FOR THE THIRD AND LAST TIME!



GRRR! GRRR!
IT'S ME WHO'S GOING TO NEED ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION WHEN THE BOSS CATCHES UP WITH ME!
GASP! GASP! WHAT ABOUT ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION?

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Tom and Jerry
IT'S TOO NICE TO TEAR ABOUT THE GARDEN WITH TOM! I'LL SPEND A QUIET DAY IN THE COUNTRY INSTEAD!
OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE STAYING HERE AND TAKING FLOWER POT LUCK! YUK! YUK!
?
PROD!!
SO YOU WANT ME TO STICK AROUND, EH?
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, YOU ROAMING RODENT!
HE WON'T GET ME ONCE I'M THROUGH THIS HOLE!
HELP! I'M STUCK! I FORGOT THE PACK ON MY BACK!
HEH! HEH! I'VE GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU NOW!
THWACK!!
GNN!
McCombe
THE BUS DOORS ARE CLOSING! I'LL JUST ABOUT MAKE IT!
EEARGH!!
OOPS! I'VE TRIPPED OVER MY STICK!
OOOHOOHO
NOW I'VE MISSED THE BUS!
AH WELL! I'LL SPEND A QUIET DAY IN THE GARDEN WHILE TOM ROARS ROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE!

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TV TERRORS
RICKY CONWAY THE FAMOUS TV STAR HAS DECIDED TO TAKE A HOLIDAY... I'M GUARDING HIM FROM THE TELEVISION BOSSES!
PSSST! CAN WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, RICKY?
SURE. GET UP ON MY AIR BED, KIDS!
THANKS A LOT, RICKY!
YIKE! IT'S THEM!... I CAN'T USE THE GUN IN CASE I HIT THE TV STAR!
PREPARE TO MEET THY DOOM, TERRORS!
OH! OH! HOPPIT'S ONTO US!
I'LL PULL THE PLUG OUT..!
YOU DARE!
YOU NASTY LITTLE GIRL! I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU!
WE'LL BE MILES AWAY IN A FEW MINUTES!
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF AIR! WE'RE SUNK...
NOT YET! BUT WE SOON WILL BE!
...AND SO WE SAY FAREWELL!
THE PAPERS WILL READ THAT ALL HANDS WENT DOWN WITH THE AIR BED!
MEANWHILE, HOPPIT HAS EQUIPPED HIMSELF FOR UNDERWATER OPERATIONS
I DON'T LIKE INTERFERING BRATS! GET THE POINT?
AAAAAH! THAT HURT... BUT WE CAN LAND ON HOPPIT'S BOAT AND PINCH IT!
HARD LUCK, HOPPIT! WE'RE TAKING YOUR BOAT!
GRRR!
I WANT TO CONTINUE MY SUNBATHING... DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT OR I'LL TELL THE TV BOSSES TO SACK YOU.
Y-YESSIR, R-RICKY, C-CERTAINLY SIR.
KEEP IT UP, HOPPIT! WE'LL MAKE SURE NO AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS PESTER RICKY. HE! HE!
'ORRIBLE RAGE
HAW! HAW! I ALWAYS SAID HOPPIT WAS FULL OF HOT A.R!

POPEYE
POPEYE! POPEYE!!!
I'M COMIN'! KEEP YA BIKINI ON!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE, I COULDN'T! A BIG WAVE WASHED IT AWAY AND ALL MY CLOTHES TOO!
YAH DON'T SAY!
WHAT AM I TO DO?
STAY WHERE YAH ARE! I'LL GIT SOME THINGS FER YOU!
CLOSED
OH NO! ALL THE SHOPS ARE SHUT! IT'S EARLY CLOSIN' DAY!
ONLY THE MUSEUM IS OPEN! AIN'T NOTHIN' OF ANY USE IN THERE!
MUSEUM
OPEN
OR IS THERE?
SOME OF THIS OLD STUFF CAN BE CHUCKED OUT! THAT OLD SHARK AND THOSE SHELLS CAN GO FOR A START!
AND THIS OLD TUBE OF GLUE?
STUFFED CHICKEN
I'LL TAKE THEM SHELLS, AN' THE SHARK AN' YOR TOOB OF GLUE TOO!
YOU WILL? THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU!
IS THIS THE BEST YOU COULD DO?
IT'S BETTER 'N' NOTHIN'!
I CAN'T POSSIBLY WALK INTO TOWN LIKE THIS!
THEN I'LL JEST HAVE TO CARRY YOU!
WAIT! POPEYE, WAIT!
IF I DOES WE MISS THE TRAIN!
LOOK MUM! THAT MAN'S CAUGHT A MERMAID!
BUT I CAN'T TRAVEL ON THE TRAIN! EVERYBODY'LL LAUGH AND I'LL BE HELD UP TO RIDICULE!
NO YA WON'T! THEY WON'T EVEN NOTICE YOU!
IF YAH TRAVELS IN THE FISH VAN WITH ALL THE OTHER FISH!
FISH

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BASIL BRUSH'S TOURING HOLIDAY

All you need is a dice for scoring and buttons for counters. The first player to throw six can start. You must throw the exact number needed to finish.

Start

TRAFFIC JAM IN PARIS

MISS A THROW

CHASED BY BULL IN SPAIN

GO BACK FIVE SQUARES

MISS CROSS-CHANNEL FERRY

START AGAIN

ALPINE CABLE-CAR TAKES YOU UP

MOVE FORWARD FIVE SQUARES

HAVE TWO EXTRA THROWS

MAKE GOOD TIME THROUGH THE ALPS

LOST IN BLACK FOREST, GERMANY

MISS TWO THROWS

TAKE WRONG ROUTE. GO BACK THREE SQUARES

STOP TO HOLD LEANING TOWER OF PISA UP

MISS TWO THROWS

SEE THE WAY TO GO FROM TOP OF EIFFEL TOWER

MOVE FORWARD FIVE SQUARES

GO BACK SEVEN SQUARES

CANAL JOURNEY IN HOLLAND TAKES YOU BACK

Home

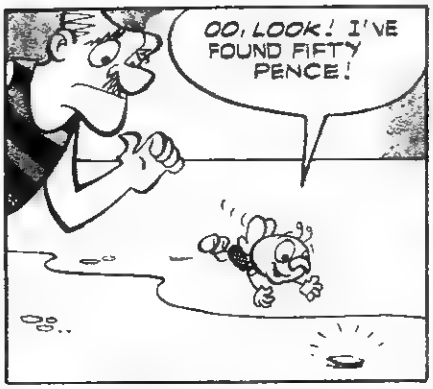
BARRY

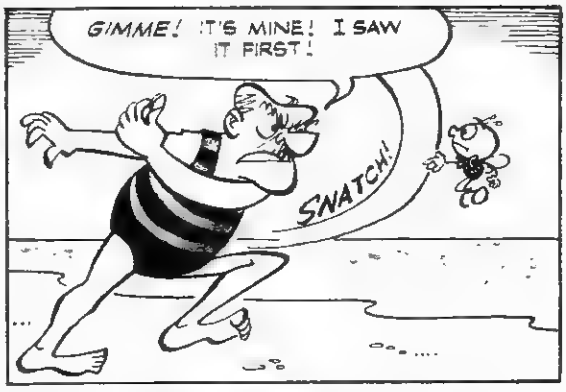
MIGHTY MOTH

I WISH I HAD FIFTY PENCE TO GO WATER SKI-ING. BUT I'M BROKE.
WATER SKI-ING 50p per ride

I'LL HAVE TO GO BEACHCOMBING INSTEAD!

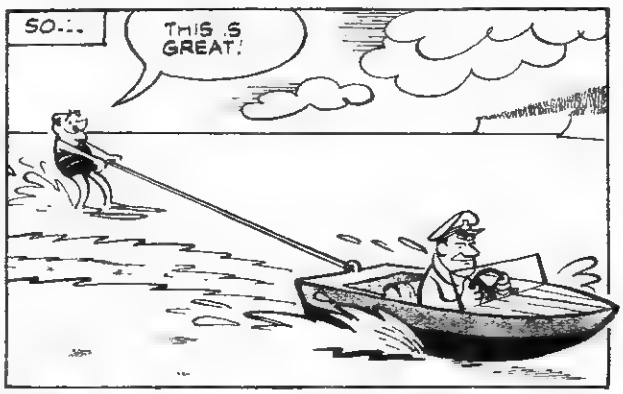
IT'S AMAZING THE BITS OF OLD WRECK THE TIDE WASHES IN... I MIGHT FIND SOMETHING VALUABLE!

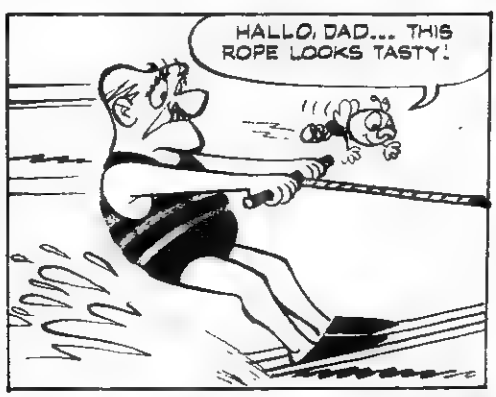

OO, LOOK! I'VE FOUND FIFTY PENCE!

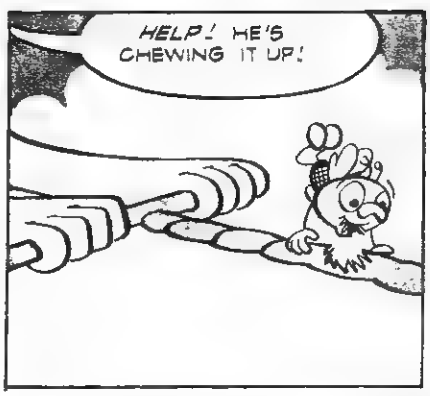

GIMME! IT'S MINE! I SAW IT FIRST!
SNATCH!

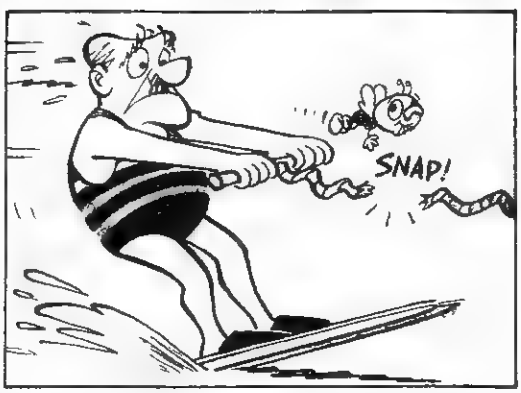
HERE! YOU CAN HAVE THIS PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD! HAR! HAR! HAR!
CLUNK!

I'LL SPEND THIS MONEY ON THE WATER-SKIS!
GRR! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM!


SO...
THIS IS GREAT!

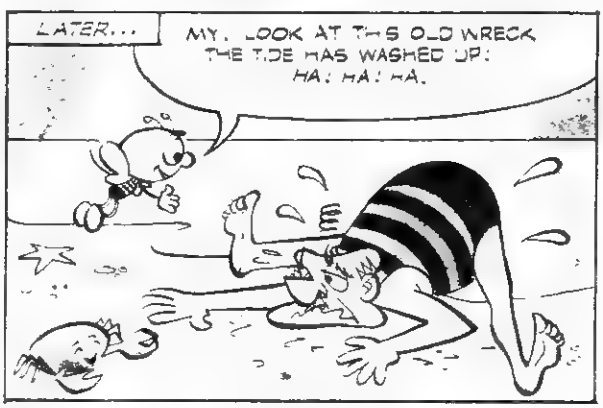

HALLO, DAD... THIS ROPE LOOKS TASTY!


HELP! HE'S CHEWING IT UP!


SNAP!

YA!

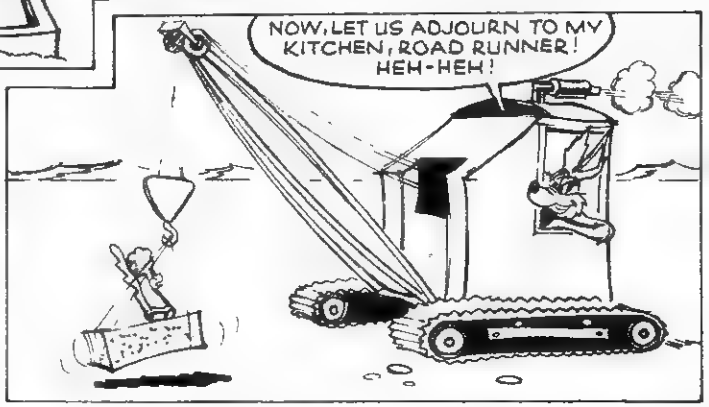
NOW HE'S OUT OF THE WAY I'LL DO SOME BEACHCOMB NG OF MY OWN!


LATER...
MY, LOOK AT TH S O_D WRECK THE T.DE HAS WASHED UP! HA! HA! HA.

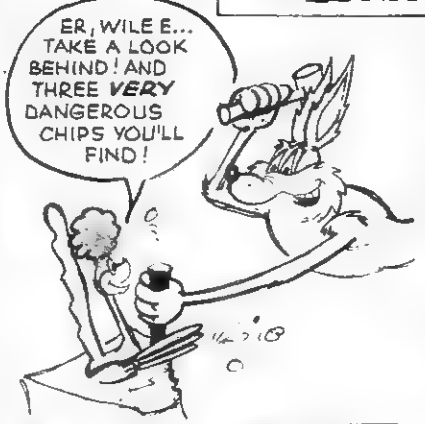
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner

THERE YOU ARE, MISTER LAUREL... YOU ARE NOW ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS STARS TO HAVE THEIR FOOTPRINTS TAKEN BY PIERRE SIMON.
YIKES! NOW THERE'S A LITTLE OL' IDEA I COULD TAKE BACK FROM HOLIDAY WITH ME! YUK! YUK!
PINK PANTHER
TEXAS TED
LONG JOHN SILVER

I AM TAKING FOOTPRINTS OF LOCAL CELEBRITIES... WITH MY HELP YOUR FEET SHALL GO DOWN IN HISTORY! SO, IF YOU WILL KINDLY PLACE YOUR RIGHT FOOT IN THIS CEMENT HERE...
SUCH MANNERS AND CHARM... I SEE NO HARM!



ER...SHOULDN'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE MORE CARE? THESE CHIPS ARE FLYING EVERYWHERE!
THAT'S RIGHT, ROAD RUNNER! IT'S FLYING TONIGHT! HEH-HEH-HEH!



HOME, MY SONS! HOME FOR TEA!
AND IT'LL BE CHIPS, JUST YOU SEE! HO-HO!
BURBLE BURBLE!
TRUST THAT COYOTE...HE'S PUT HIS BIG FOOT IN IT AGAIN!

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Whacko!
A PERFECT DAY FOR THE MASTERS V THE BOYS ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH HEADMASTER!
WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID FOR THE PITCH, PETTIGREW!
I MUST CONFESS, IT LOOKS IN A BIT OF A STATE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
GO AND F.ND TAPLOW AND CO AND BR.NG THEM TO ME!
YOU ARE EXCUSED CLASSES FOR THE REST OF THE MORNING, TAPLOW. YOU AND YOUR LOT CAN PREPARE THE CRICKET PITCH FOR THE MATCH THIS AFTERNOON.
BUT WE'VE FINISHED LESSONS FOR THE MORNING! WE'RE JUST GOING TO LUNCH!
HARD LUCK! GET STUCK INTO YOUR TASK, TAPLOW, BEFORE I GET STUCK INTO YOU!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO WORK ON THE PITCH, ARE WE, TAPLOW?
WE CERTAINLY ARE. WHAT JIM SAID ABOUT GETTING STUCK IN HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
THEY'RE GETTING ON WITH PREPARING THE PITCH, HEADMASTER!
I'VE A FEELING WE MASTERS MIGHT WIN. I SMELL VICTORY IN THE AIR!
IS THAT WHAT IT IS? IT SMELLS MORE LIKE BURNING RUBBER TO ME!
WHAT?
THEY'RE PROBABLY BURNING YOUR PLIMSOLES AND MY CRICKET BOOTS OUT OF REVENGE!
WE'LL REMOVE ALL THE GEAR. IT WON'T BE SAFE HERE. NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR!
YOU MEAN THE BATS THAT FELL TO BITS, HEADMASTER, AND THE EXPLODING CRICKET BALLS?
THAT'S A BIT OF LUCK. THE GEAR'S HERE!
WHILE JIM'S IN THE PAVILION, POP OVER TO THE LAB AND TELL STINKWORTH WE'RE READY FOR THE GLUE.
FALSE ALARM. THE PUNGENT ODOUR SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE LAB!
SOMETHING SMELLS FISHY TO ME!
LAB
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOUNG ST.NKWORTH?
MIXING FISH GLUE, SIR. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING TAPLOW!
WELL, OUT YOU GO AND HELP THEM PREPARE THE PITCH AND TAKE THAT REVOLTING BUCKET OF STUFF WITH YOU!
YES, SIR RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

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THAT AFTERNOON...
WE WON'T BOTHER WITH THE TOSS, SIR. YOU'D HAVE WON ANYWAY!
HOW DID HE KNOW I HAD A TWO HEADED PENNY?
HOW SPORTING OF THE BOYS TO LET US BAT FIRST, HEADMASTER.
A BLUNDER ON THEIR PART! WAIT TILL I GET STUCK IN!
SO THAT'S IT! THEY'VE PREPARED A STICKY WICKET!
KEEP YOUR END UP, HEADMASTER!
OWCH! THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU!
GET BACK OR YOU'LL BE RUN OUT, SIR!
IF I STAY BACK THERE I'LL BE KNOCKED OUT! THEY CAN TAKE IT OUT ON YOU INSTEAD, PETTIGREW!
HOORAY! I HIT IT! WHERE DID IT GO?
WHAT LUCK. I'VE BROKEN MY DUCK!
LET'S MAKE IT TWO!
I THINK THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE FINDING THE BALL. SHALL WE RUN AGAIN?
VERY WELL, JUST A COUPLE MORE!
LATER...
WHILE THEY ARE LOOKING FOR THE BALL WE CAN PILE UP QUITE A SCORE!
WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY CALL LOST BALL?
HEADMASTER, YOU CAN CONGRATULATE ME. I'VE JUST SCORED MY FIRST CENTURY!
THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR THE BALL!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO NIP BACK FOR TEA BEFORE THEY ALL GET BACK.
WHILE WE'VE BEEN HELPING YOU MAKING A FEAST OF RUNS, THEY'VE BEEN HAVING A FEAST OF BUNS!
CRUMBS!
THERE AREN'T ANY OF THOSE LEFT OR ANY TEA EITHER!
WELL, FANCY THAT. THE BALL WAS STUCK TO THE BAT ALL THE TIME!
SO THE BALL WASN'T LOST AT ALL! WHAT A PITY TAPLOW AND CO AREN'T AROUND TO SEE ME CLOUT YOU!

TOM and JERRY
ONE MORE PAT AND THAT'LL BE THAT AND MY SANDCASTLE WILL BE FINISHED FOR THE COMPETITION.
PAT PAT
HEH-HEH! YOUR CASTLE'S FINISHED NOW AND THAT'S FLAT!
BLAT!
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME, TOM CAT.
YIKES!!
OH NO YOU DON'T! TAKE THAT!
THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF THAT LITTLE RUINOUS RODENT.
MAY I BORROW YOUR SPADE A MOMENT, MISTER?
THAT'S NOT FOR MAKING SANDCASTLES. IT'S FOR DIGGING UP WORMS.
I KNOW. I NEED IT TO BURY ONE!
LIKE SO!
THE COMMITTEE THINKS THAT YOUR EGYPTIAN SPHINX EASILY WINS FIRST PRIZE.
I BEAT OLD TOM THAT TIME.

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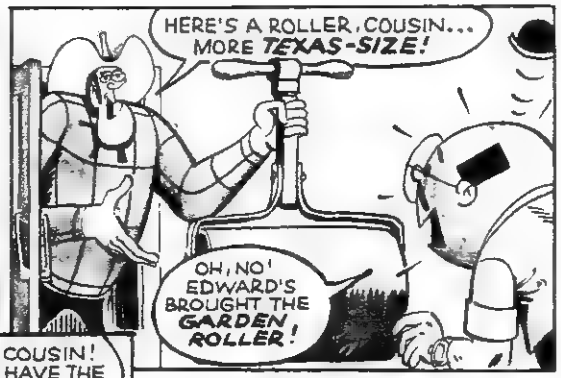
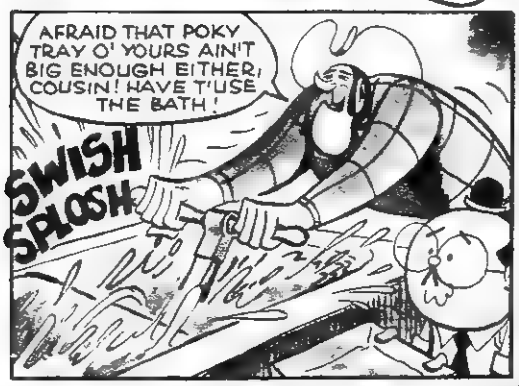
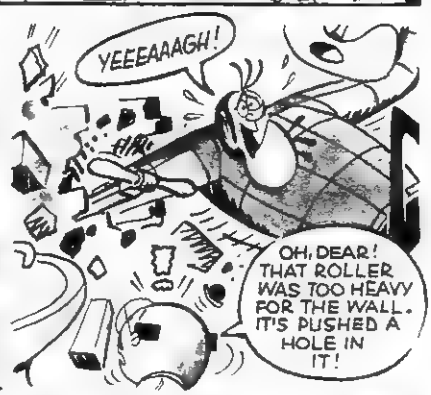
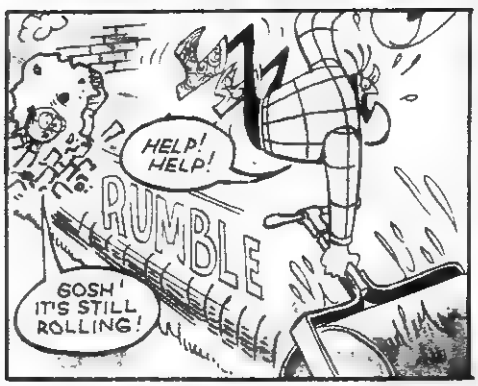
TEXAS TED

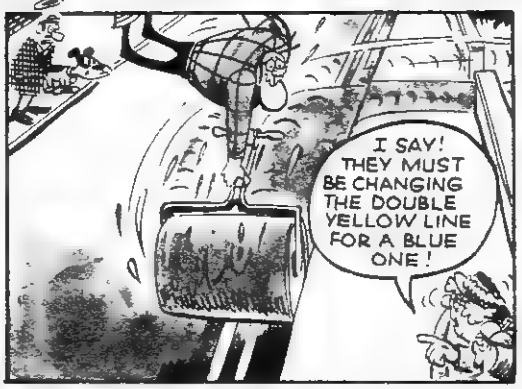
BIG HAT, BIG HEAD

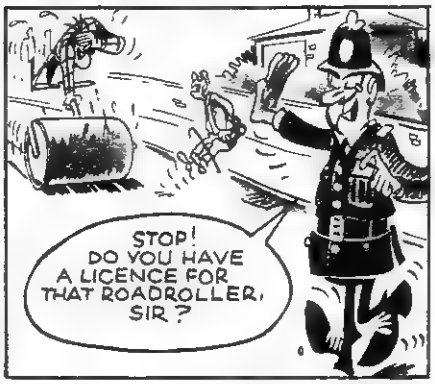












HULLO... CALLING ALL COPS! ARREST TALL TEXAN DRIVING A ROADROLLER! OFFENCE ... ASSAULTING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!
OOH! TED'S FOR IT NOW!

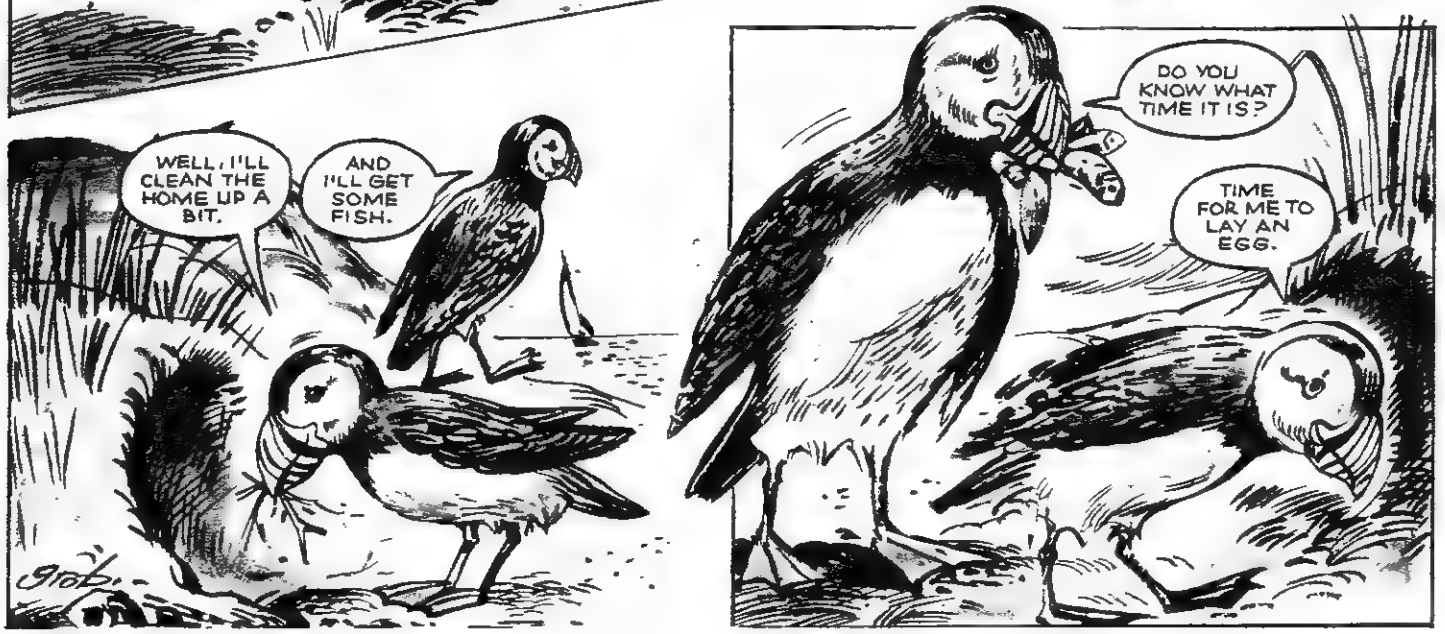
GOOD AFTERNOON, EDWARD. AND WHEN DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE HOME TO FINISH THE BATHROOM WALL?
GRR! ONE MORE REMARK LIKE THAT, COUSIN, AND AH'LL USE MA NEW SLEDGEHAMMER ON YOU!
KRUMP!

Animal Magic

by Johnny Morris

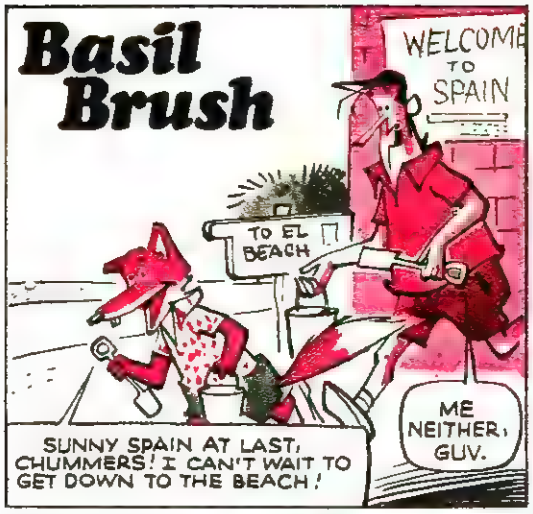
Puffins are sometimes called Sea Parrots. They spend the winter at sea and come to land for the Spring and Summer. When you're on holiday you may, if you're lucky, see some on the cliff tops. They often make their nests in rabbit holes.

POOR UNCLE GEORGE GOT TAKEN BY A GULL.
LOOK OUT, HERE COMES ONE OF THOSE DREADFUL GULLS.
THEY CAN'T GET US DOWN HERE.
I'LL GET YOU ONE DAY!
THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR, SOMETIME, NEVER.
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT AN OLD SLOW COACH HE WAS.

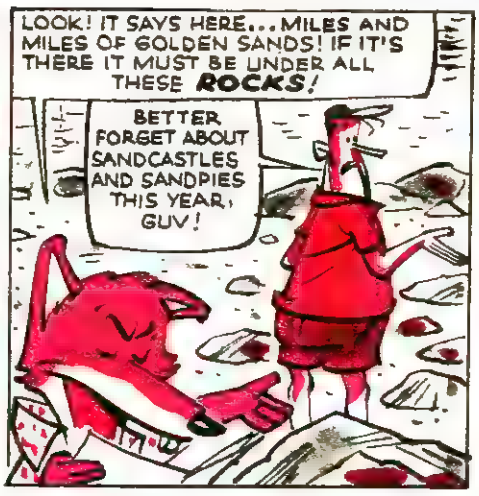


TV TERRORS
PHEW. IT'S HOT VERY HOT!
WE KNOW DARREN CONWAY IS FILMING IN THE STUDIO... CAN WE GO IN FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH?..
CAN YOU WHAT?!
NOT WHILE I CAN LIFT A BOOT... YOU CAN'T.
CLUMP!
ILL-MANNERED, BOOT-HAPPY, DOOR MAN!
INSIDE THE STUDIO...
I THINK I'LL GO OUTSIDE AND BREATHE IN SOME COOL AIR!
I'M COMING OUT FOR SOME AIR, HOPPIT.
EH?..
YOU CAN'T COME OUT... THE TERRORS WILL START BOTHERING YOU!
THEM BOTHERING ME WOULD BE BETTER THAN YOU BOOTING ME!
WHOP!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, GANG?
I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST HAVE TO STICK IT OUT INSIDE.
A LITTLE LATER...
NO SIGN OF THE TERRORS... I'LL HAVE A CRAFTY KIP.
ZZZZ-ZZ!
WE'LL PUT HOPPIT OUT OF ACTION AND THEN INVITE DARREN TO TEA!
YEEEHOWCH!
SNAP!
HA! HA! POOR OLD HOPPIT!
CRUNCH!
INSIDE THE STUDIO...
WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME FOR AN ICE CREAM WITH US, DARREN?
THAT'S A GREAT IDEA... LET'S GO.
THIS WAY DARREN. HOPPIT WILL BE OFF HIS KICKING FEET FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER...!
SIZZLE
SEETHE
LATER, AT THE TERRORS' HOUSE...
BOILING POINT
YOU'RE A REAL COOL CAT, DARREN!
I AM THANKS TO YOUR ICE CREAM, TERRORS! HA! HA!

Basil Brush


WELCOME TO SPAIN
TO EL BEACH
SUNNY SPAIN AT LAST, CHUMMERS! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET DOWN TO THE BEACH!
ME NEITHER, GUV.

YEEIKES! LOOK AT THE BEACH, CHUMMERS! WE WERE DIDDLED BY THAT TRAVEL AGENCY CHAPPIE!
NOT 'ALF!


LOOK! IT SAYS HERE... MILES AND MILES OF GOLDEN SANDS! IF IT'S THERE IT MUST BE UNDER ALL THESE ROCKS!
BETTER FORGET ABOUT SANDCASTLES AND SANDPIES THIS YEAR, GUV!

GOSH, GUV! A BULLFIGHT! LET'S GO IN THERE! THAT'S MORE FUN THAN SANDCASTLES!
BULLFIGHT
I HAPPEN TO LIKE MAKING SANDCASTLES, CHUMMERS! AND I DISLIKE BULLFIGHTS, BUT IF YOU INSIST!

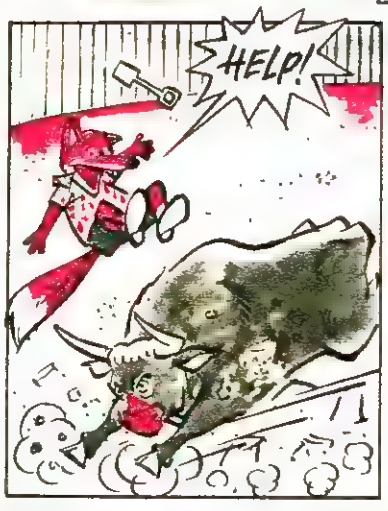
MIND YOU, WE'RE A BIT EARLY YET, GUV! DOESN'T START FER ANOTHER 'ALF-'OUR!
A HALF-HOUR? BY JOVE, CHUMMERS! THAT'S SPLENDID! SPLENDID!

COME ALONG, CHUMMERS! COME ALONG!
B-B-BUT, GUV... WHERE ARE WE GOING???

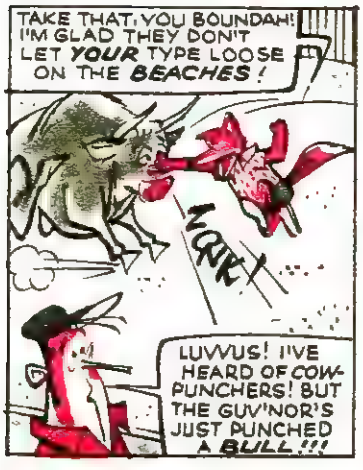
WE CAN SPEND AN ENJOYABLE HALF-HOUR MAKING SANDCASTLES HERE! THERE'S LOTS OF SAND AND I'M SURE THE LOCALS WON'T MIND!
OH, NO, GUV! I... ER... DON'T THINK IT'S THE DONE THING!

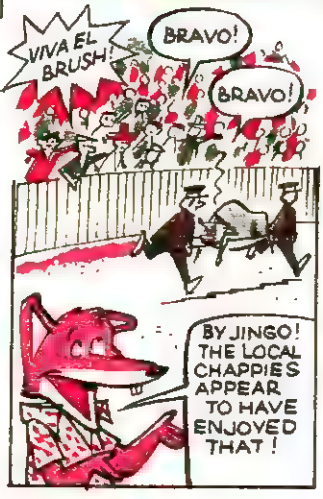
CHUMMERS IS RIGHT!
ZE GRR! I SOON GET RID OF THAT MAD EENGLEESHMAN! CARAMBA! NO ONE MAKES SANDCASTLES IN ZE BULLREENG!!
SNORT! SNORT!

OH, NO! RUN FOR IT, GUV! SOMEONE'S RELEASED A BULL!!!
?

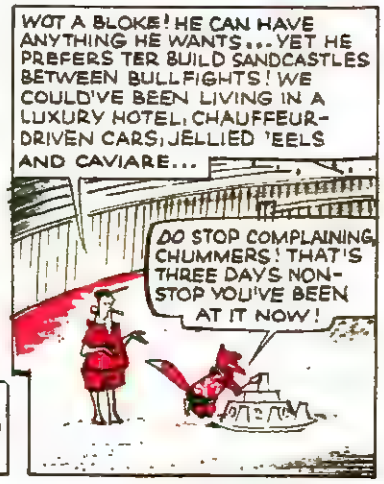

HELP!

GREAT CLODHOPPING BULLS! THAT BRUTE'S FLATTENED MY SANDCASTLE!
GUV! GUV! RUN FOR IT! RUN FOR IT! THAT BULL'S COMING BACK FOR ANOTHER GO!

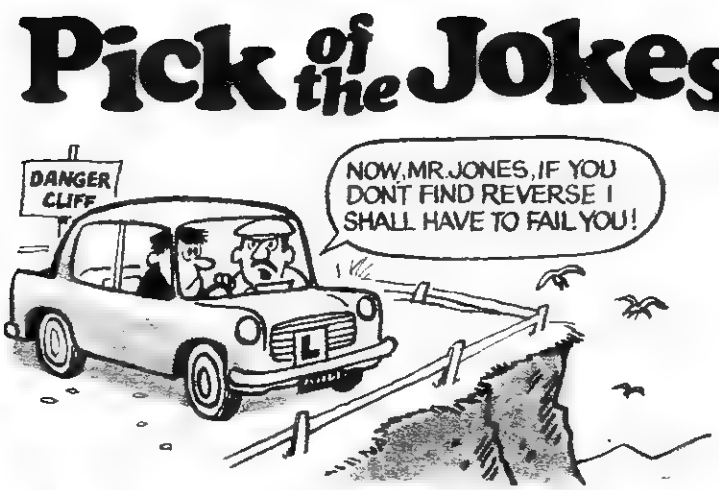

TAKE THAT, YOU BOUNDAH! I'M GLAD THEY DON'T LET YOUR TYPE LOOSE ON THE BEACHES!
HONK!
LUVVUS! I'VE HEARD OF COW-PUNCHERS! BUT THE GUV'NOR'S JUST PUNCHED A BULL!!!

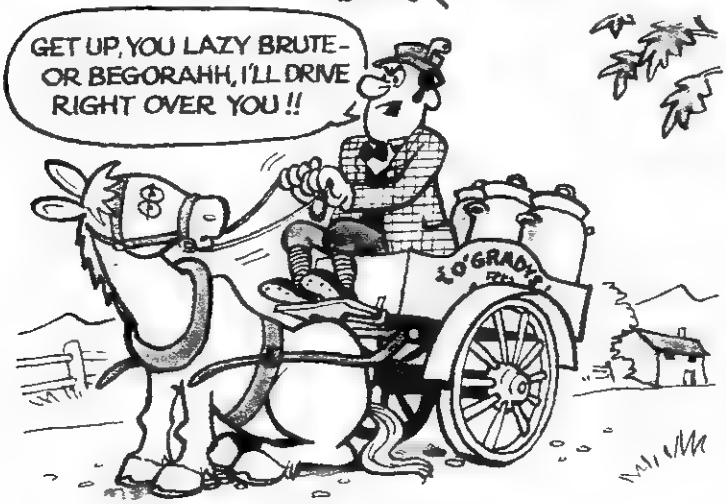

VIVA EL BRUSH!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BY JINGO! THE LOCAL CHAPPIES APPEAR TO HAVE ENJOYED THAT!

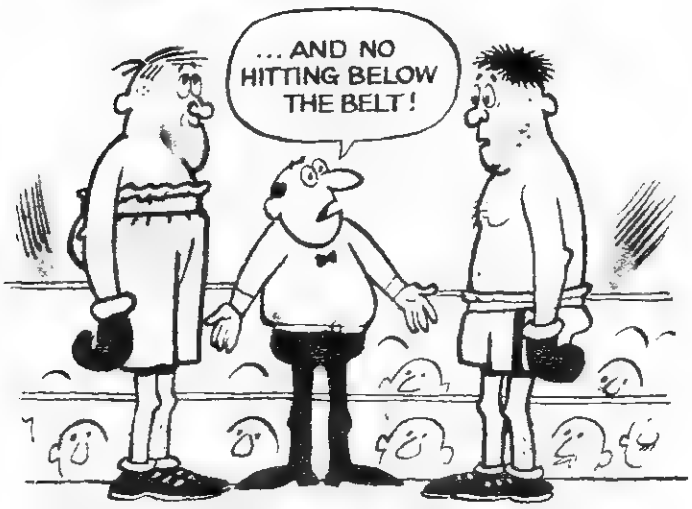
EET APPEARS THAT YOU ARE ZE HERO OF ZE MOMENT, SENOR BRUSH! THE CROWD THEY HAVE NEVER SEEN A BULL BEATEN THAT WAY BEFORE!
THEY WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE... AND WE WILL BE ONLY TOO PLEASED TO HELP!
WELL, THERE IS ONE SMALL FAVOUR I WOULD LIKE TO ASK OF YOU...


WOT A BLOKE! HE CAN HAVE ANYTHING HE WANTS... YET HE PREFERS TER BUILD SANDCASTLES BETWEEN BULLFIGHTS! WE COULD'VE BEEN LIVING IN A LUXURY HOTEL, CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN CARS, JELLIED 'EELS AND CAVIARE...
DO STOP COMPLAINING, CHUMMERS! THAT'S THREE DAYS NON-STOP YOU'VE BEEN AT IT NOW!

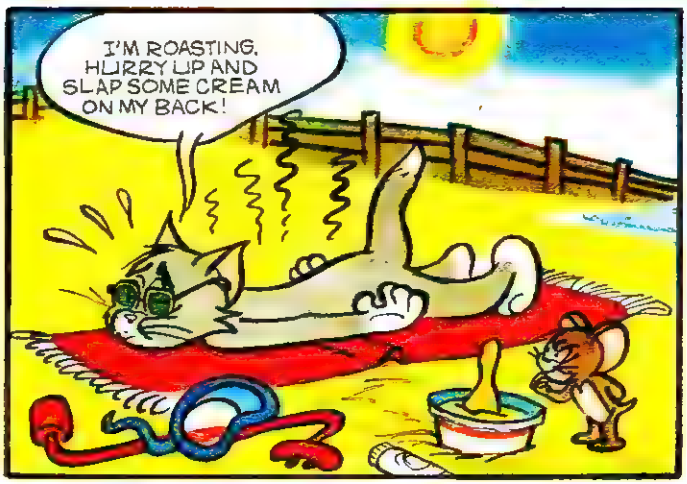
Pick of the Jokes

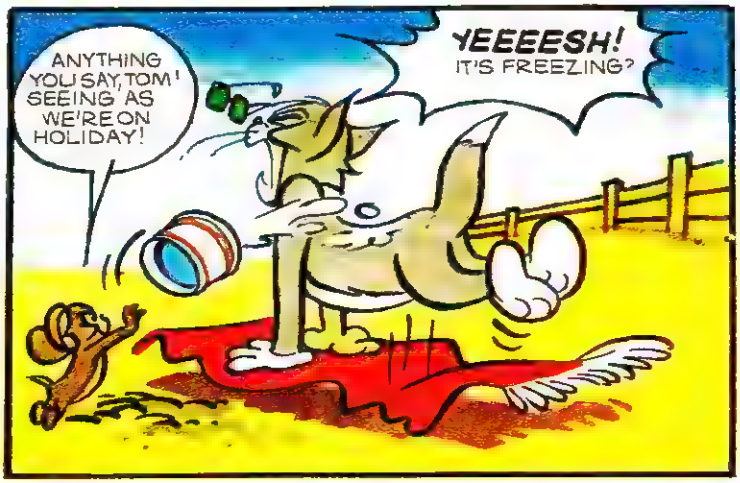


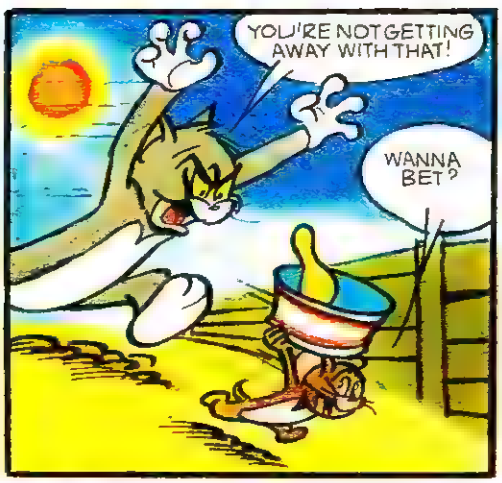


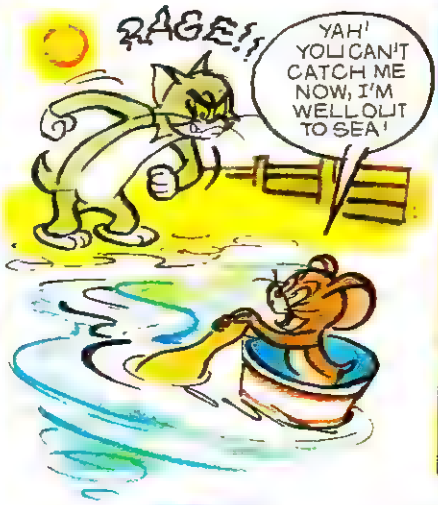


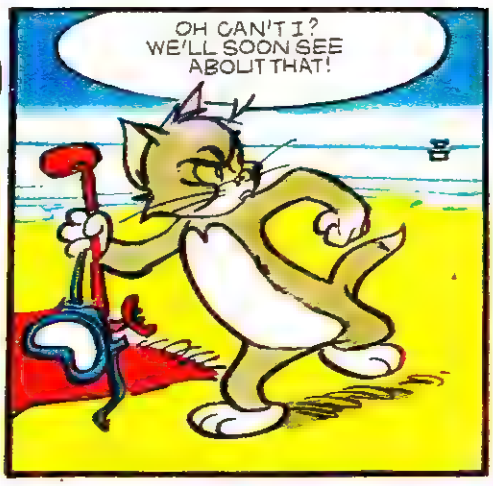
Tom and Jerry

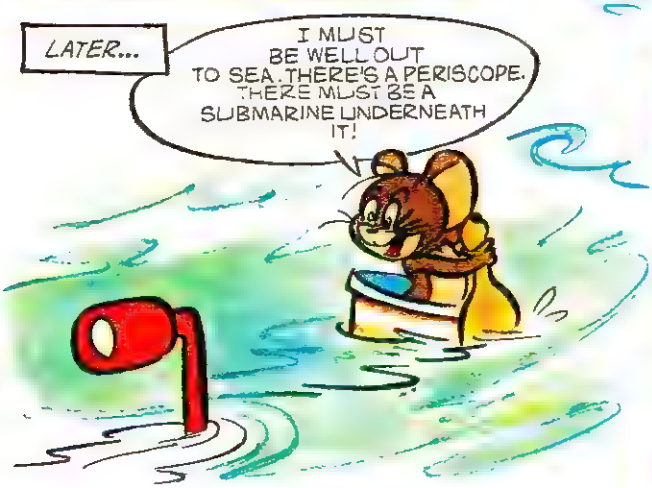


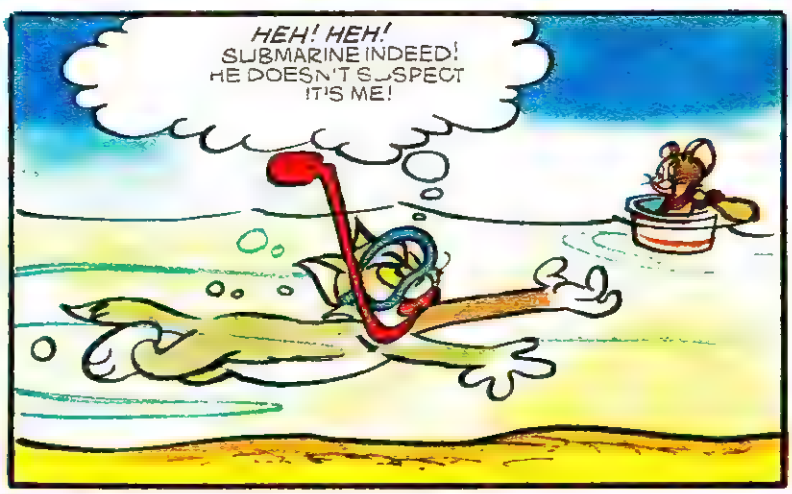












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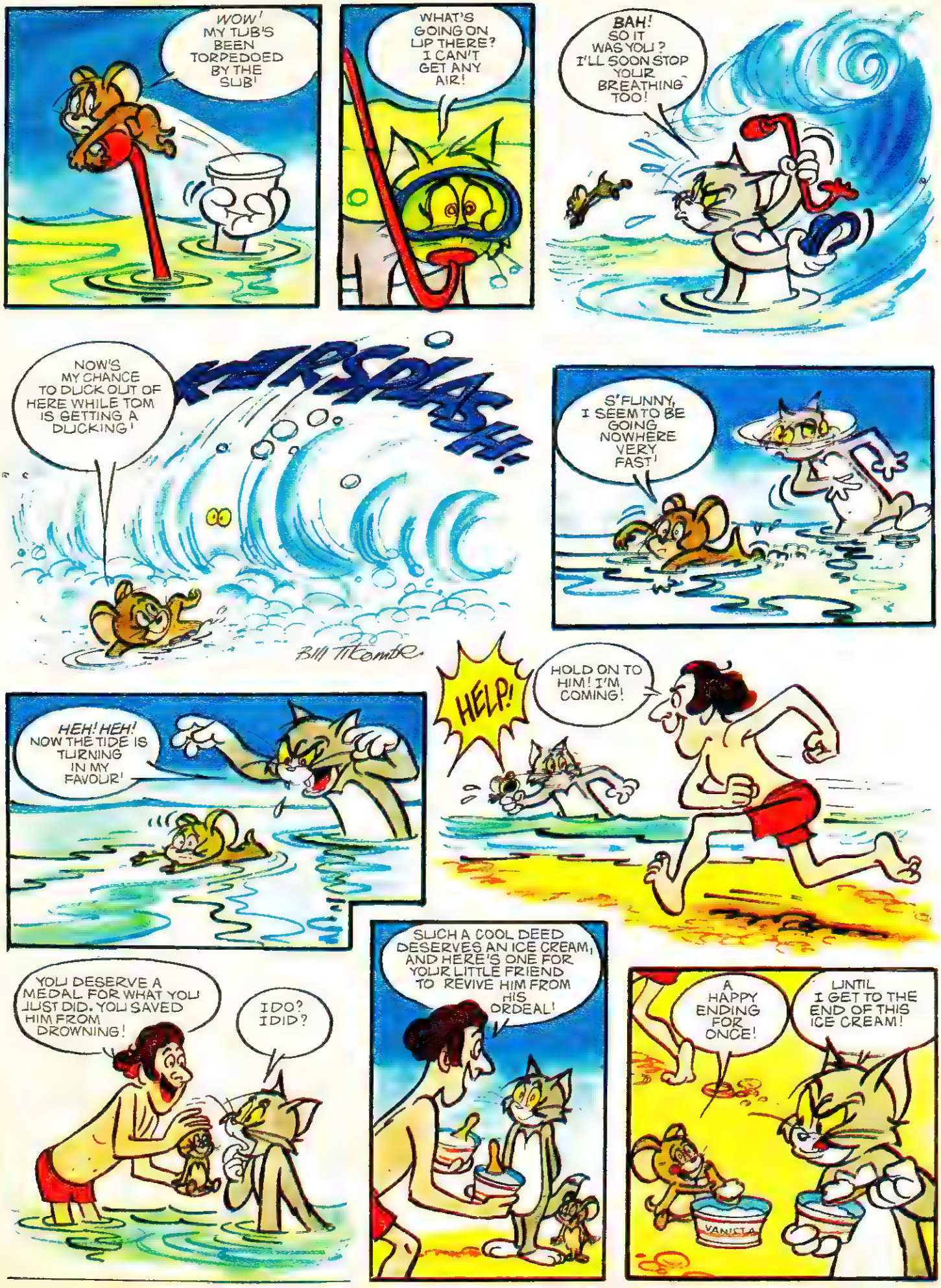
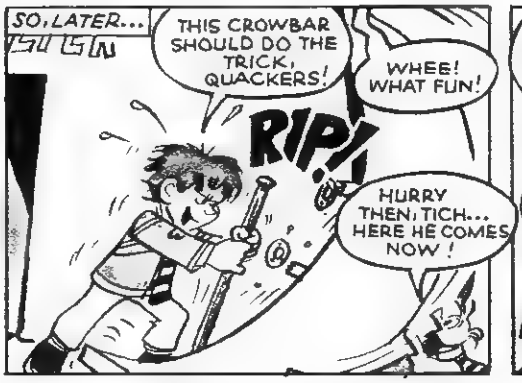
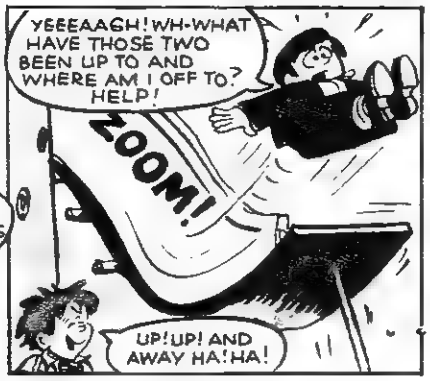
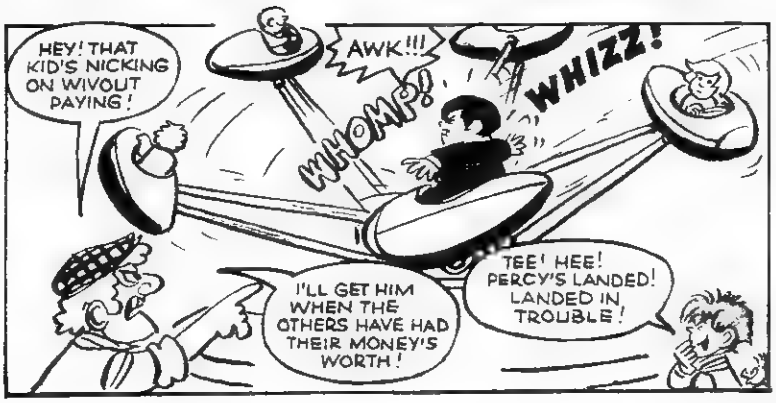

WOW! MY TUB'S BEEN TORPEDOED BY THE SUB!
WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? I CAN'T GET ANY AIR!
BAH! SO IT WAS YOU? I'LL SOON STOP YOUR BREATHING TOO!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO DUCK OUT OF HERE WHILE TOM IS GETTING A DUCKING!
KERSPLASH!
Bill Tytla
S'FUNNY, I SEEM TO BE GOING NOWHERE VERY FAST!
HEH! HEH! NOW THE TIDE IS TURNING IN MY FAVOUR!
HELP!
HOLD ON TO HIM! I'M COMING!
YOU DESERVE A MEDAL FOR WHAT YOU JUST DID. YOU SAVED HIM FROM DROWNING!
I DO? I DID?
SUCH A COOL DEED DESERVES AN ICE CREAM, AND HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR LITTLE FRIEND TO REVIVE HIM FROM HIS ORDEAL!
A HAPPY ENDING FOR ONCE!
UNTIL I GET TO THE END OF THIS ICE CREAM!
VANILLA

Tich and Quackers

HE'S DONE THAT DELIBERATELY BECAUSE HE KNOWS IT'S OUR FAVOURITE!
JUST WAIT TILL THE ATTENDANT GOES FOR A BREAK... WE'LL FIX PERCY!
SHOOTING GALLERY
IN






HEY! THAT KID'S NICKING ON WIVOUT PAYING!
AWK!!!
WHIZZ!
WHOMP!
I'LL GET HIM WHEN THE OTHERS HAVE HAD THEIR MONEY'S WORTH!
TEE! HEE! PERCY'S LANDED! LANDED IN TROUBLE!

RIGHT, YOU! PAY UP! I SAW YOU NICKING ON WIVOUT PAYING!
ER... GULP! I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY, SIR! I... ER... SPENT IT ALL ON THE HELTER SKELTER! GULP!
TEE! HEE! THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING, QUACKERS!

YEEAGH! NO, MISTER! NO! YOU CAN'T! I'LL TELL MY DADDY!
QUIET, LAD! OR I'LL THINK UP SOMETHING WORSE!
OH, BOY! THIS IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

SORRY, PERCY! BUT THE AUNT SALLY'S OUR FAVOURITE NOW! HO-HO!
AUNT SALLY
BONK!
CLONK!
YOU CAN KEEP THE HELTER SKELTER!
YAAGH! YOWCH! BOO-HOO!
HALF AN HOUR IN THERE SHOULD TEACH HIM A LESSON!

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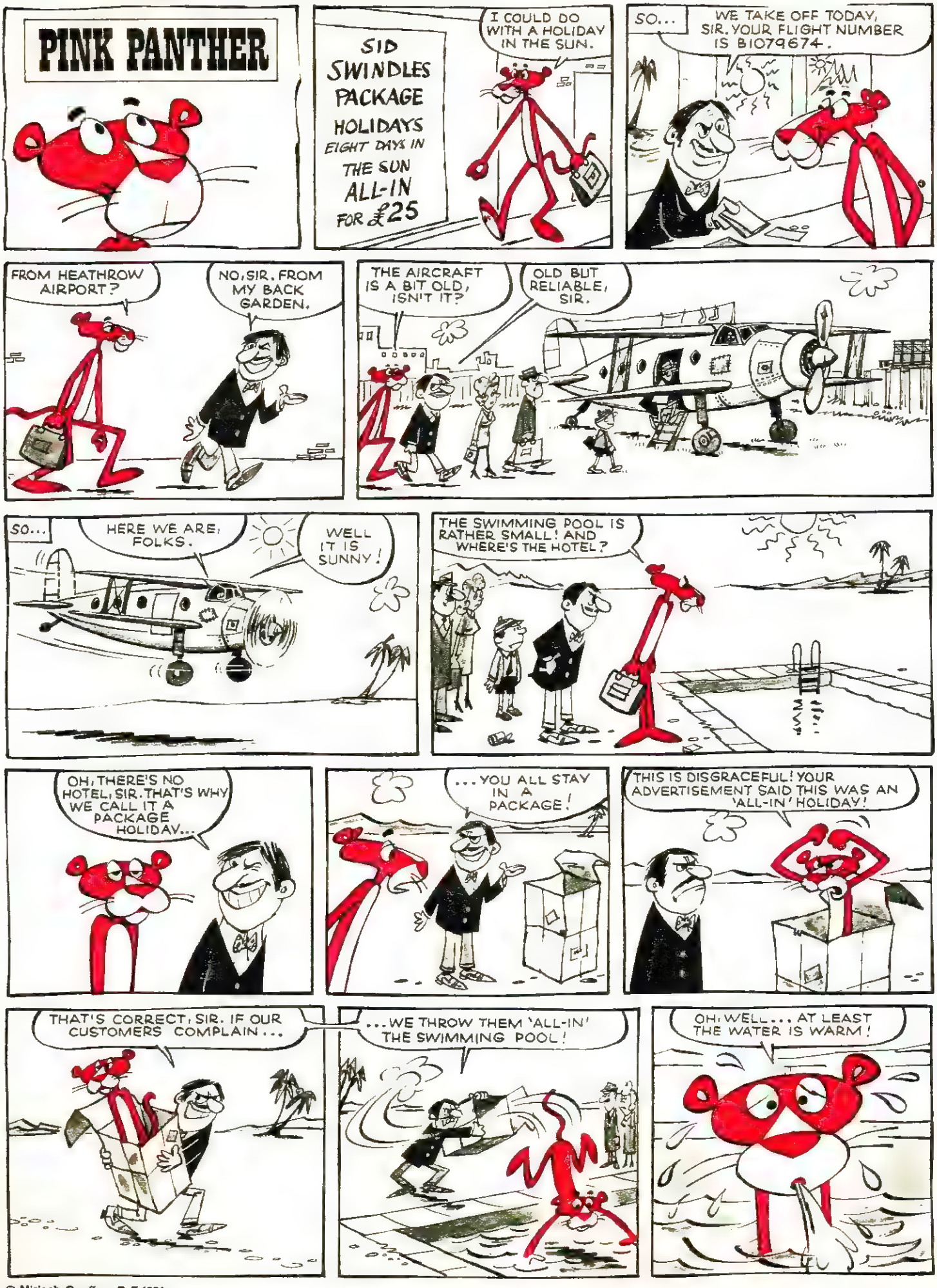
PINK PANTHER
SID SWINDLES PACKAGE HOLIDAYS EIGHT DAYS IN THE SUN ALL-IN FOR £25
I COULD DO WITH A HOLIDAY IN THE SUN.
SO...
WE TAKE OFF TODAY, SIR. YOUR FLIGHT NUMBER IS BI079674.
FROM HEATHROW AIRPORT?
NO, SIR. FROM MY BACK GARDEN.
THE AIRCRAFT IS A BIT OLD, ISN'T IT?
OLD BUT RELIABLE, SIR.
SO...
HERE WE ARE, FOLKS.
WELL IT IS SUNNY!
THE SWIMMING POOL IS RATHER SMALL! AND WHERE'S THE HOTEL?
OH, THERE'S NO HOTEL, SIR. THAT'S WHY WE CALL IT A PACKAGE HOLIDAY...
...YOU ALL STAY IN A PACKAGE!
THIS IS DISGRACEFUL! YOUR ADVERTISEMENT SAID THIS WAS AN 'ALL-IN' HOLIDAY!
THAT'S CORRECT, SIR. IF OUR CUSTOMERS COMPLAIN...
...WE THROW THEM 'ALL-IN' THE SWIMMING POOL!
OH, WELL... AT LEAST THE WATER IS WARM!

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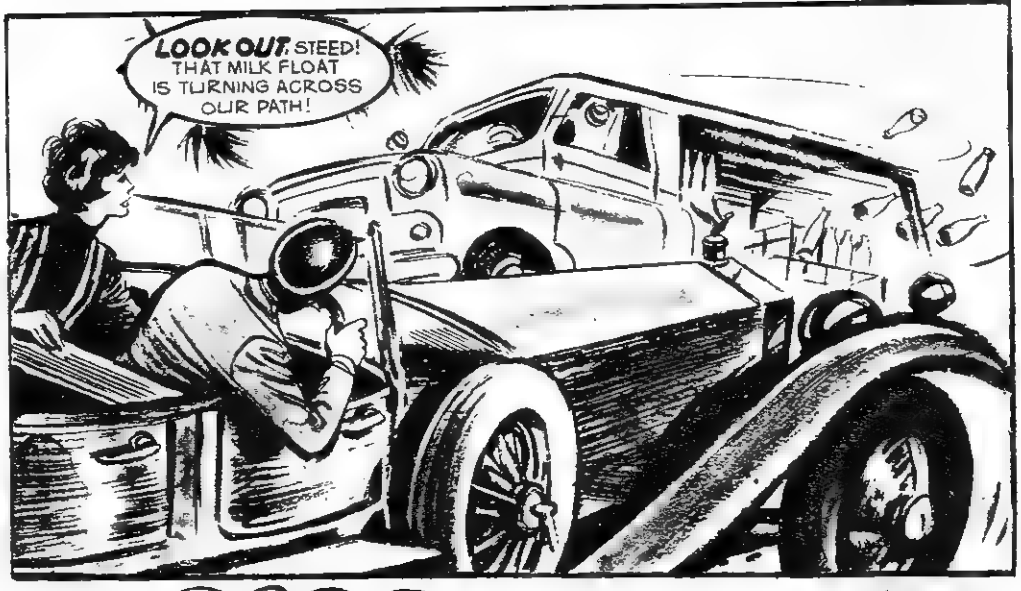
THE AVENGERS

One fine summer's day, John Steed and Tara take a holiday and drive out into the country for a picnic. They have almost reached the picturesque little village of Wallingstone-on-Mole when . . .



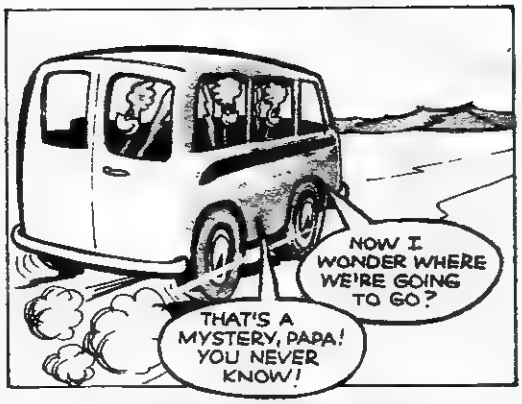
Based on the Thames Television production.

IT'S NO USE SHOUTING, TARA- THEY'VE BEEN DRUGGED OR SOMETHING!
AT LEAST THIS CAT IS AWAKE!
POOR OLD PUSS- WITH NOBODY AWAKE TO FEED YOU! I BET YOU'RE HUNGRY! NEVER MIND, HERE'S SOME MILK FOR YOU!
H'MMM... NOW WHY SHOULD SOMEONE PUT THE WHOLE VILLAGE TO SLEEP?
I'VE NO IDEA! THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING IN THE VILLAGE OF SUCH VALUE THAT IT'S WORTH GOING TO ALL THIS TROUBLE TO STEAL!
THERE MUST BE AN ANSWER!
GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT THE CAT!
IT'S GONE FAST ASLEEP- JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!
NNNN NNN
STEED, IT-IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE MILK THAT WAS DRUGGED!
YES, OF COURSE! EVERYBODY WOULD HAVE HAD A CUP OF TEA OR COFFEE THIS MORNING AT SOME TIME AND-
COME ON, TARA! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE- I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
OH!
THAT MILK FLOAT WE NEARLY HIT TURNED UP THE LANE THAT LEADS TO WALLINGSTONE CASTLE!
YES, BUT...?
LORD AND LADY WALLINGSTONE LIVE THERE! THEY ARE FRIENDS OF MOTHER, AND THEY OWN THE WALLINGSTONE DIAMONDS!
OH GOSH! YOU THINK THE MILKMAN IS GOING TO STEAL THE JEWELS?

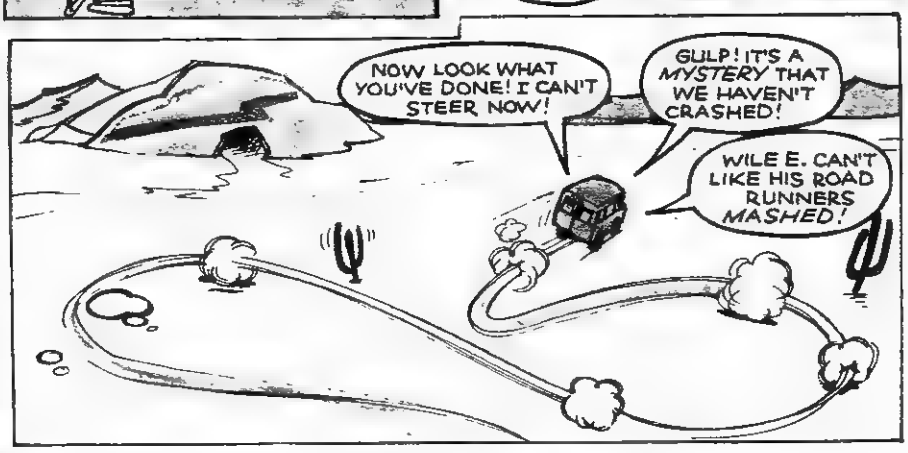
I'M SURE OF IT, TARA-AND IT WAS EASY FOR HIM TO DRUG THE WHOLE VILLAGE SO THAT NOBODY WOULD GO UP TO THE CASTLE AND DISCOVER THE ROBBERY FOR HOURS!
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE RIGHT, STEED!
HE PROBABLY DELIVERED HIS DRUGGED MILK HERE EARLIER AND HAS NOW COME BACK TO COLLECT THE DIAMONDS!
HEH-HEH...! TOO LATE, MY NOSY FRIENDS, AND I'LL MAKE CERTAIN YOU CAN'T FOLLOW ME...!
THAT'LL FIX THEM... AND I'LL MAKE MY GETAWAY ACROSS COUNTRY...!
PSSS!
EVERYBODY SOUND ASLEEP!
INCLUDING LORD AND LADY WALLINGSTONE!
THEY NEVER EVEN FINISHED BREAKFAST!
AND THE SAFE HAS BEEN OPENED!
TOO LATE, THE JEWELS ARE GONE!
STEED- THE MILKMAN'S GETTING AWAY ACROSS COUNTRY!
MOMENTS LATER...
HE'S LET OUR TYRES DOWN, WE CAN'T FOLLOW IN THE CAR NOW!
BUT HE'S FORGOTTEN THE MILK FLOAT- WE'LL USE THAT!

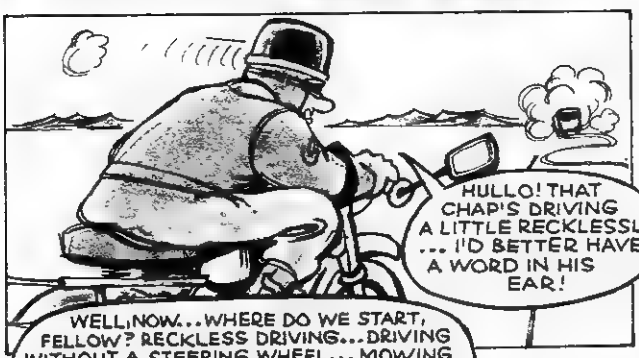
THE TRANQUILITY OF THE PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE IS RUDELY SHATTERED...
HELP! I-I'M BEING BOUNCED ABOUT! I'LL BE BLACK AND BLUE ALL OVER!
TAKE OVER THE WHEEL, TARA!
KEEP GOING, TARA-SWING ROUND AND HEAD HIM OFF!
THIS SHOULD STOP HIM!
YUK!
IT'S NOT A MILKMAN AT ALL! IT'S THAT NOTORIOUS INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEF JASPER GROAT!
BETTER COME QUIETLY, JASPER, UNLESS YOU WANT ANOTHER HELPING OF SCRAMBLED EGGS!
AND SO LATER THAT DAY...
WELL, NO DOUBT MOTHER WILL BE PLEASED WE HELPED HIS FRIENDS, BUT SO MUCH FOR OUR QUIET PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY, STEED!
IT'S BEEN A BLISMAN'S HOLIDAY FOR US, TARA, BUT...
... I'M NOT GRUMBLING, TARA-NOT GRUMBLING AT ALL!

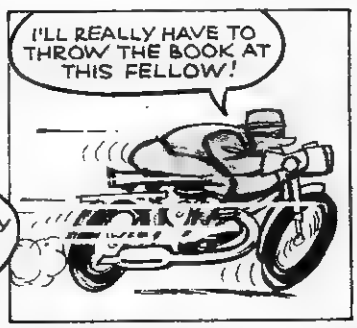
The Road Runner



YUK! YUK! YUK! IT'S NO MYSTERY! THESE ROAD RUNNERS ARE GOING STRAIGHT INTO MY OVEN! HEH-HEH-HEH!
JUST LOOK AT WHO THE DRIVER IS!
OH, DEARIE ME! IT'S FRIEND WILE E.


NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I CAN'T STEER NOW!
GULP! IT'S A MYSTERY THAT WE HAVEN'T CRASHED!
WILE E. CAN'T LIKE HIS ROAD RUNNERS MASHED!





WELL, NOW... WHERE DO WE START, FELLOW? RECKLESS DRIVING... DRIVING WITHOUT A STEERING WHEEL... MOWING DOWN AN INNOCENT CACTUS... I THINK YOU HAD BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME!
B-B-BUT, OFFICER...
OF THIS WE ARE EXTREMELY GLAD. THAT COYOTE WAS... ER... DRIVING US MAD!

WELL, THAT 'BUS' IS ON NO MYSTERY TOUR... WILE E. KNOWS WHERE HE'S GOING! AND THAT'S FOR SURE! HO-HO!
YAAGH! ROTTEN ROAD RUNNERS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! YOU'LL PAY... YOU'LL PAY... YOU'LL...

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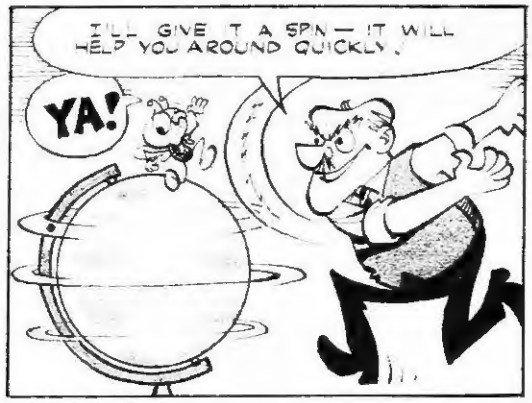
MIGHTY MOTH

I'LL WANDER AROUND THE WORLD ON DAD'S GLOBE.


I'LL GIVE IT A SPIN — IT WILL HELP YOU AROUND QUICKLY.
YA!

HELP! STOP! I WANT TO GET OFF!
SURE! I'LL STOP IT WITH MY SWATTER!

SPLAT!

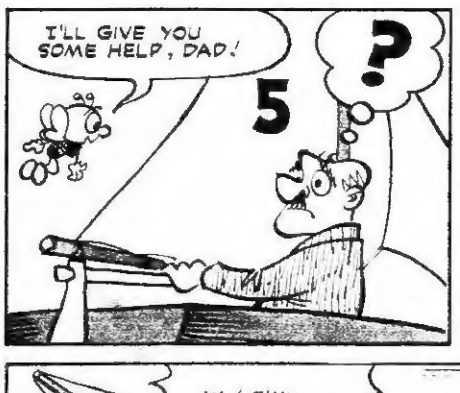
TEE-HEE! HE'S SPLATTERED ALL OVER SPAIN!

NOW I'LL GO FOR A NICE WALK.
GRR! HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT!

OF COURSE I'M A MUCH TRAVELLED MOTH. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN FURTHER THAN THE HIGH STREET!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN? I ONCE SAILED AROUND THE HORN SINGLE HANDED!

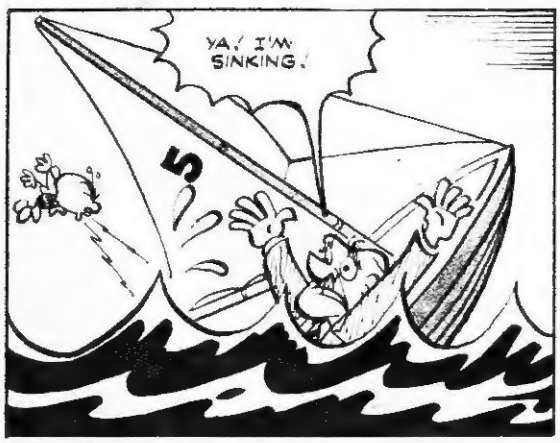
COO! HERE'S THE BOATING LAKE, DAD. SHOW ME HOW YOU DID IT!
YACHTS FOR HIRE

SO..
HUH! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH WIND.
5

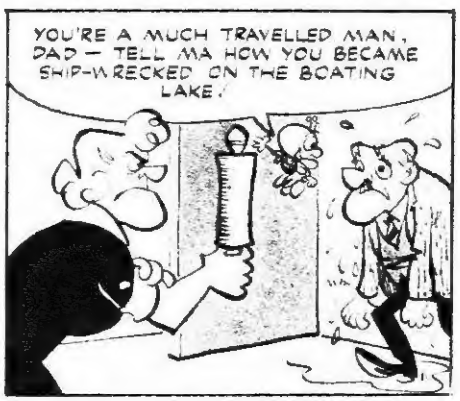

I'LL GIVE YOU SOME HELP, DAD!
5
?

HELP! MIGHTY MOTH'S BLOW IS LIKE A HURRICANE.
5
BLAST!

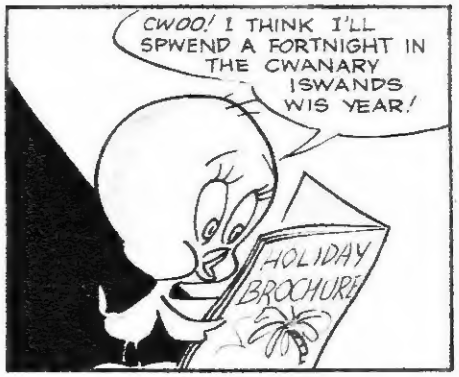
GROO! I FEEL POORLY!

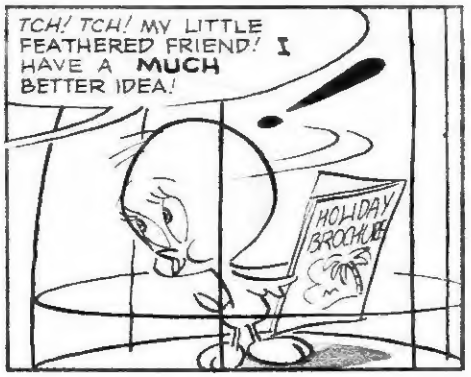

YA! I'M SINKING!
5

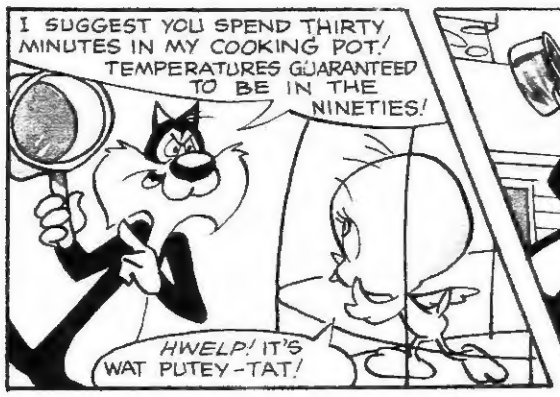
THE BOAT SANK, EH? THAT'LL COST YOU £30!

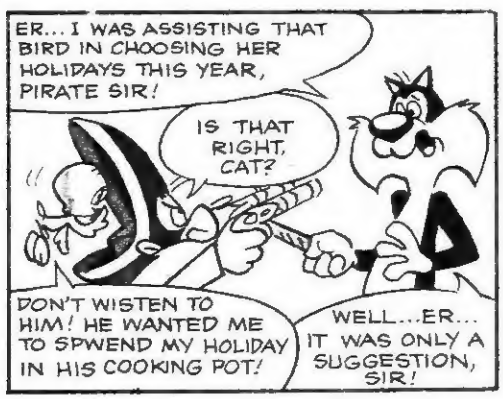

YOU'RE A MUCH TRAVELLED MAN, DAD — TELL MA HOW YOU BECAME SHIP-WRECKED ON THE BOATING LAKE!

The BUGS BUNNY show



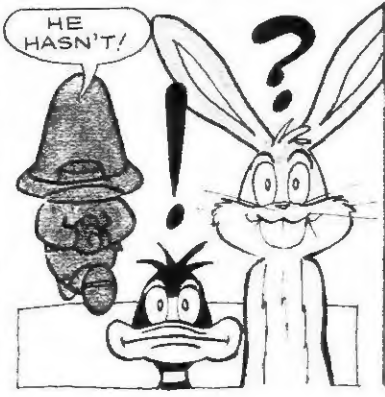


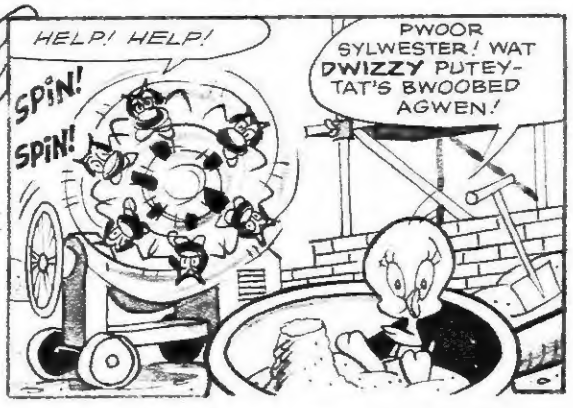

I SUGGEST YOU SPEND THIRTY MINUTES IN MY COOKING POT! TEMPERATURES GUARANTEED TO BE IN THE NINETIES!
HWELP! IT'S WAT PUTEY-TAT!


ER... I WAS ASSISTING THAT BIRD IN CHOOSING HER HOLIDAYS THIS YEAR, PIRATE SIR!
IS THAT RIGHT, CAT?
DON'T WISTEN TO HIM! HE WANTED ME TO SPWEND MY HOLIDAY IN HIS COOKING POT!
WELL...ER... IT WAS ONLY A SUGGESTION, SIR!

COME, CAT! WE'D BETTER FIND SOME SAND FOR OUR FEATHERED FRIEND!
BUT, OF COURSE, SIR! IT WAS MERELY A SLIP OF THE MEMORY!
SYLWESTER'S ALWAYS FOGWETTING FWINGS WIKE WAT!

MIGHT I INTRUDE? I CAN TELL YOU THAT YOUR FRIEND SYLVESTER HAS GONE FOR A LITTLE SPIN!
A SPIN? WE DIDN'T KNOW SYLVESTER HAD A CAR!





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Tom and Jerry
I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A HOT DOG AND THAT INCLUDES YOU.
YOU'RE NOT HAVING THIS ONE, TOM, AND THAT'S FOR SURE.
HEH-HEH! I'LL POUNCE ON THAT MOUSE WHEN HE COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE!
YIKES!
BLAM!
PUSH OFF, PUSSY CAT.
BY THE TIME TOM'S CHASED HIMSELF UP THE BEACH I'LL HAVE EATEN MY HOT DOG AND I'LL BE OUT OF HIS REACH.
OH, NO! HE'S ON MY BACK AGAIN.
WHAT I SEE HERE GIVES ME AN IDEA!
O.K., TOM. HAVE A BITE AS A PEACE OFFERING.
SCRUNCH!
YEEOW-HOO-HOO
THROB
THROB
DAT DOES IT!
GRRRRRRRR
OOO HOO HOO
NOW FOR A BIT OF PEACE AND A PIECE OF SAUSAGE.

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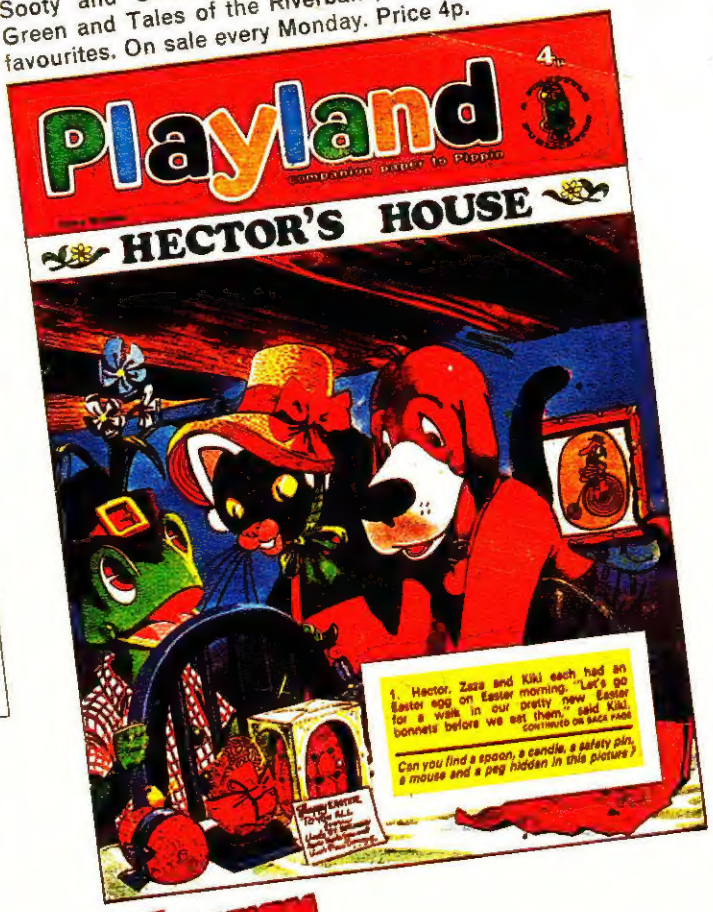
TV COMIC

For the best in TV fun and thrills including Tom and Jerry, Dad's Army, Pink Panther, Skippy the Bush Kangaroo, Basil Brush, Bugs Bunny, Popeye and many others. On sale every Monday.

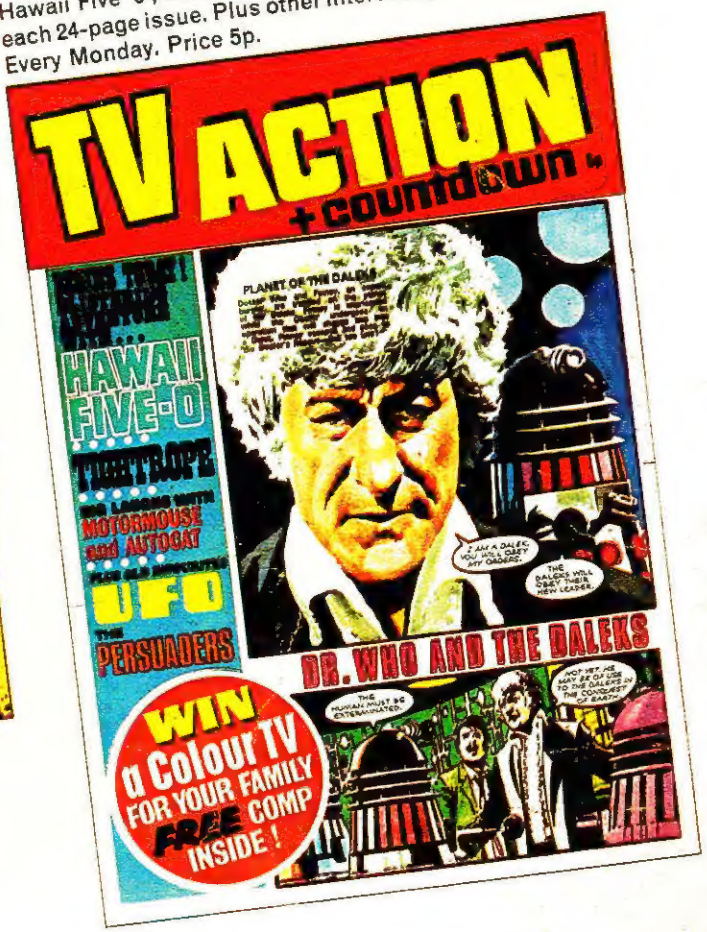
Playland

Lots of lovely stories based on Hector's House, Sooty and Sweep, Sir Prancelot, Camberwick Green and Tales of the Riverbank, and other TV favourites. On sale every Monday. Price 4p.


Playland
4p
HECTOR'S HOUSE
1. Hector, Zaza and Kiki each had an Easter egg on Easter morning. "Let's go for a walk in our pretty new Easter bonnets before we eat them," said Kiki.
CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE
Can you find a spoon, a candle, a safety pin, a mouse and a peg hidden in this picture?

TV ACTION +countdown

Follow all television's top ACTION adventures every week. Dr Who, U.F.O., The Persuaders, and Hawaii Five '0', are just four of the many stories in each 24-page issue. Plus other interesting features. Every Monday. Price 5p.



FEATURING MANY WATCH WITH MOTHER FAVOURITES
4p
PIPPIN
ANDY PANDY
1. The hedge all round Andy Pandy's garden had grown too tall. Andy Pandy and Teddy couldn't see anyone who walked by on the other side. "I must cut it," said Andy.
CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE
Can you find a fan, a ring, a bucket and a mouse hidden in the picture?

PIPPIN

Say hallo to The Herbs, Mary Mungo and Midge, Bizzy Lizzy, Andy Pandy, The Pogles and lots more of your television friends every week in Pippin. On sale every Monday. Price 4p.